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THE NORTH AMERICAN SPEAKER
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
EDITED BY ROBERT M. MCNAUL
AND
ROBIN R. MCNAUL

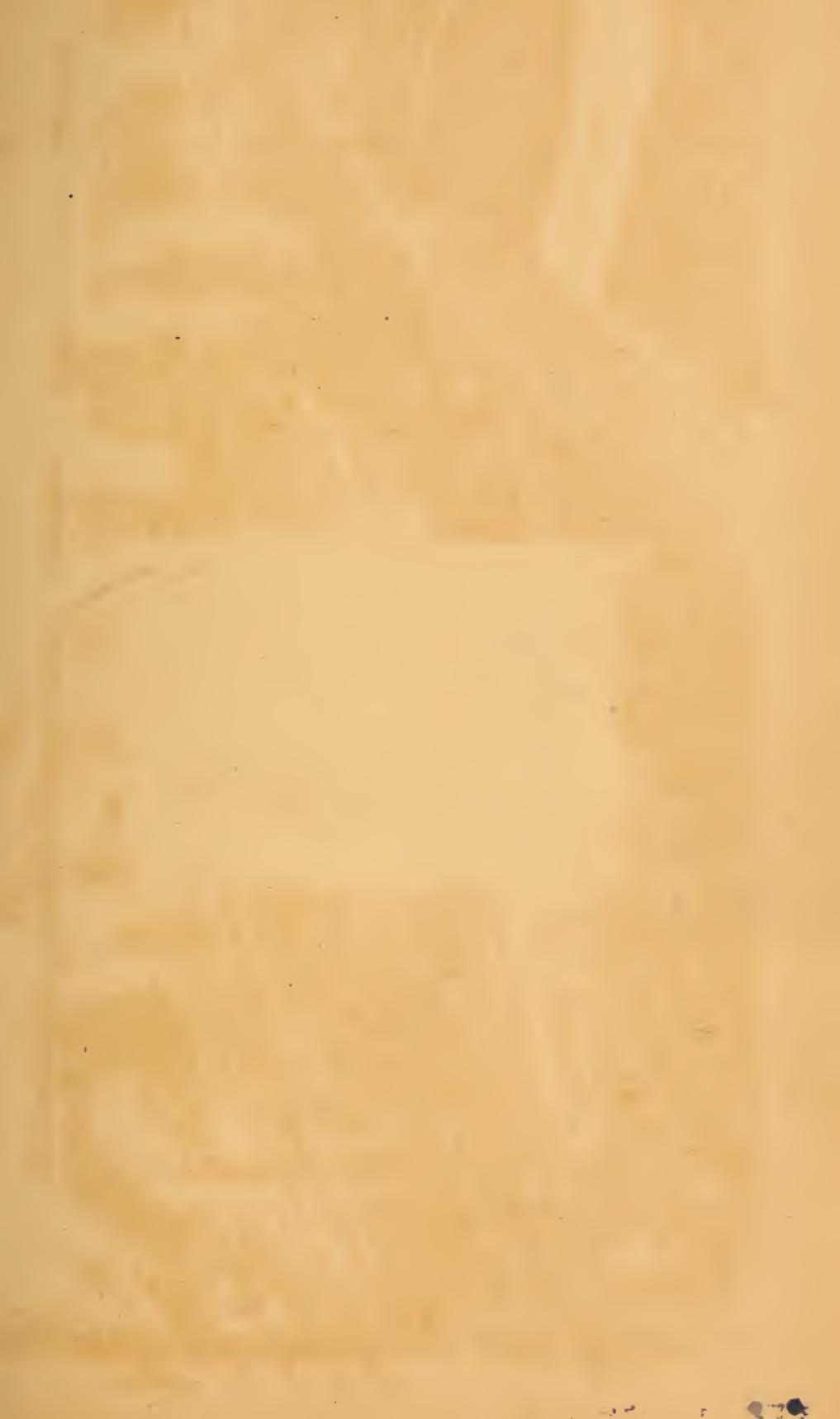
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THE
NORTH CAROLINA SPEAKER:

COMPRISING

NEW, ORIGINAL, ATTRACTIVE AND PATRIOTIC
RECITATIONS AND DECLAMATIONS,

BY

CITIZENS OF THE STATE

FOR

EVERY GRADE OF PUPILS IN NORTH CAROLINA SCHOOLS.

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COMPILED BY

EUGENE G. HARRELL AND JOHN B. NEATHERY,
EDITORS OF "NORTH CAROLINA TEACHER."



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PRESSES OF
E. M. UZZELL.

To Every North Carolina Teacher,

BOTH TO THE MANOR BORN AND THOSE ADOPTED FROM SISTER
STATES, WHOSE EARNEST AND FAITHFUL WORK
IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM HAS SO
GREATLY HONORED OUR STATE; TO EVERY SON AND DAUGHTER
OF NORTH CAROLINA, AT HOME AND ABROAD,
AND FRIEND OF PROGRESSIVE
EDUCATION WITHIN OUR BORDERS; TO THE STATE PRESS, WHOSE
UNTIRING EFFORTS HAVE BEEN OF INVALUABLE
AID IN PROMOTING THE EDU-
CATIONAL, FINANCIAL AND MATERIAL PROSPERITY OF NORTH
CAROLINA, THIS VOLUME, WITH THE INTENT OF
PERPETUATING OUR STATE
LITERATURE, IS SINCERELY DEDICATED BY THE
COMPILERS.

PREFACE.

OUR long and intimate association with the teachers of the State, friends of progressive education and our school interests generally, has convinced us of the existence of a strong demand for fresher and better pieces for declamation and recitation in North Carolina schools.

To supply this want is the mission of this little book, and at the same time it is the desire of the authors to displace the old and hackneyed pieces in our school-rooms by supplying original and the very brightest, best and most patriotic thoughts and speeches of our own people, and thus perpetuate the memory of eminent North Carolinians, and foster a stronger spirit of State pride in the minds of our young people, such as will make them truer and better sons and daughters of North Carolina.

The **NORTH CAROLINA SPEAKER** is without a compeer, it being the first book of the kind published in America confining its selections entirely to the literature of a single State. It has been carefully edited, after about two years given to the collection and preparation of material; and though the work has been done amidst the frequent interruptions of active business, yet we feel that the book is creditable to our State, and we are profoundly thankful for the liberal aid extended to us by all, and for the very enthusiastic reception given to the **SPEAKER**.

We have endeavored to present pieces suitable for every occasion requiring declamations for the school stage, and have acted largely on our editorial privilege in re-arranging and adapting to our purposes, and the book is offered to North Carolina teachers with the

hope that they will be able to find in its pages just the piece wanted for any occasion.

It was once said, as a reproach, that North Carolina had no literature—we trust that the variety and scope of this little book may remove that impression if it yet exists in any rational mind. As an evidence that North Carolina stands very high on the literary roll, it will be seen that this book contains writings of great merit from almost every class of our educated people. There is representative work from the farmer at his plow, the lawyer in the forum, the minister at the desk, the teacher in the school-room, the mother in the home, the merchant in the office, the banker in the counting-room, the politician on the hustings, the judge upon the bench, the statesman in Congress, the printer at the case, the editor in his sanctum, and the student on the platform, and a large number of the pieces here given were written expressly for this book.

We have made the selections to occupy from three to six minutes in delivery, than which no school speech should be longer, so that the interest of an audience may be kept through the entire exercises, for on that the success of an entertainment depends.

Hoping that this little contribution to the school literature of North Carolina may be of material aid to the teachers and pupils of our schools, it is respectfully submitted.

EUGENE G. HARRELL,
JOHN B. NEATHERY.

RALEIGH, May 10, 1887.

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Died in 1873.

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HINTS TO SPEAKERS.

IT is well enough to remember always that the best piece which is to be found can be thoroughly spoiled by improper delivery. To aid pupils somewhat in making a successful speech the following suggestions are offered, with the hope that they will be carefully considered:

1. Come upon the stage in a deliberate, easy and graceful manner and when you reach your position pause about five seconds before making your bow.
2. Begin *slowly* but *distinctly*, and gradually warm up with the subject as you proceed.
3. Look toward the people on both sides of you while speaking, but *make your speech to the person in the room who is furthest from you*, and then those who are nearer will be sure to hear you and all will enjoy your speech.
4. Study the *subject* of your piece well and try to understand it thoroughly; find where the *emphatic words* occur and *be sure to give the emphasis*.
5. *Feel* what you are saying, and try to make your audience feel as you do and think as you think.
6. Give *ample pause* at the end of important sentences, that the thoughts may make an impression on the minds of your hearers.
7. When you talk about North Carolina, her glories or her deeds of valor, or any North Carolina subject, *be enthusiastic* and try to show your audience that you are *in love with your native State*.
8. Finally. Know your piece well, speak slowly, pronounce every word distinctly, be pleasant, keep cool, and your speech will be satisfactory to you and give your audience pleasure.

THE
NORTH CAROLINA SPEAKER.

THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER.

CAROLINA! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend
her!

While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her;
Though the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame
her,

Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her,
Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State!

Though she envies not others their merited glory,
Yet her name stands the foremost in Liberty's story!
Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,
None e'er yields to just rule more loyal submission.

Hurrah, &c.

Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster,
To the knock of the stranger, or the tale of disaster?
How like to the rudeness of their native mountains,
Rich ore in their bosoms and life in their fountains.

Hurrah, &c.

And her daughters, the queen of our forest resembling,
So graceful, so constant, to gentlest breath trembling,
So true at their hearts when the test is applied them,
How blessed each day as we spend it beside them !

Hurrah, &c.

Then let all who love us, love the land that we live in,
(As happy a region as this side of Heaven),
Where Plenty and Freedom, Love and Peace smile
before us,

Raise aloud, raise together, the heart-thrilling chorus !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the Old North State forever !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the good Old North State !

WILLIAM GASTON. (*Adapted*).

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

THE composition of man is threefold: physical, intellectual, and moral. It is the justly proportioned composition of these three that constitutes the real excellence of perfect manhood—that creature, made a little lower than the angels, the noblest image of God.

Perhaps no character in history can be pronounced truly great without this combination; certainly not if the moral attributes be deficient.

All of the qualities which belong to the “noble family of truth,” which engender love of country, and promote the good of mankind and the glory of God, are born and bred in the moral nature of man, from which likewise

spring the evil qualities which afflict and debase the world. That system of ethics, therefore, which best succeeds in developing the excellencies of our moral nature is the one which most commends itself to our race. The noble characters which it produces are justly held up as living, practical examples of the excellence of its principles.

Viewed with reference to these facts, George Washington may be justly considered one of the greatest men whom the world has produced. Greater soldiers, more intellectual statesmen, and profounder sages have doubtless existed in the history of the English race—perhaps in our own country—but not one who to great excellence in each of these fields has added such exalted integrity, such unaffected piety, such unsullied purity of soul, and such wondrous control of his own spirit. He illustrated and adorned the civilization of Christianity, and furnished an example of the wisdom and perfection of its teachings which the subtlest arguments of its enemies cannot impeach. That one grand, rounded life, full-orbed with intellectual and moral glory, is worth, as the product of Christianity, more than all the dogmas of all the teachers. The youth of America who aspire to promote their own and their country's welfare should never cease to gaze upon his great example, or to remember that the brightest gems in the crown of his immortality, the qualities which upheld his fame upon earth and plead for him in Heaven, were those which characterized him as the patient, courteous, brave, Christian gentleman. In this respect he was a blessing

to the whole human race no less than to his own countrymen; to the many millions who celebrate the day of his birth.

ZEBULON B. VANCE.

INTEGRITY THE BASIS OF CHARACTER.

THE first great maxim of human conduct, that which it is all-important to impress on the understandings of young men, and recommend to their hearty adoption, is—above all things, in all circumstances, and under every emergency—to preserve a clean heart and an honest purpose. Integrity, firm, determined integrity, is that quality which, of all others, raises man to the highest dignity of his nature, and fits him to adorn and bless the sphere in which he is appointed to move. Without it, neither genius nor learning, neither the gifts of God nor human exertions, can avail aught for the accomplishment of the great objects of human existence. ✓ Integrity is the crowning virtue—integrity is the pervading principle which ought to regulate, guide, control and vivify every impulse, desire and action. Honesty is sometimes spoken of as a vulgar virtue; and, perhaps, that honesty which barely refrains from outraging the positive rules ordained by society for the protection of property, and which ordinarily pays its debts and performs its engagements, however useful and commendable a quality, is not to be numbered among the highest efforts of human virtue. But that integrity which,

however tempting the opportunity, or however sure against detection, no selfishness nor resentment, no lust of power, place, profit or pleasure, can cause to swerve from the strict rule of right, is the perfection of man's moral nature. In this sense the poet was right when he pronounced

“An honest man the noblest work of God.”

It is almost inconceivable what an erect and independent spirit this high endowment communicates to the man, and what a moral intrepidity and vivifying energy it imparts to his character. There is a family alliance between all the virtues, and perfect integrity is always followed by a train of goodly qualities, frankness, benevolence, humanity, patriotism, promptness to act and patience to endure. In moments of public need, these indicate the man who is worthy of universal confidence.

Erected on such a basis, and built up of such materials, fame is enduring. Such is the fame of our WASHINGTON, of the man “inflexible to ill and obstinately just.” While, therefore, other monuments intended to perpetuate human greatness are daily mouldering into dust, and belie the proud inscriptions which they bear, the solid granite pyramid of his glory lasts from age to age, imperishable—seen afar off—looming high over the vast desert—a mark, a sign and a wonder for the wayfarers through the pilgrimage of life.

WILLIAM GASTON.

RACING WATER.*

RACING Water, who can paint thee,
With thy scenery wild and grand?
It would take a magic pencil
Guided by a master hand.

Here are towering, rugged mountains,
Granite rocks all scarred and gray,
Nature's altars whence her incense
Floats in wreaths of mist away.

At thy feet the murmuring waters
Now are singing songs of praise,
Or in sonorous notes triumphant
A majestic peän raise.

Down the canyōn's rocky gorges
Now they wildly, madly sweep,
As, with laughing shout exultant,
O'er the rocks they joyous leap.

Then in calm and limpid beauty
Still and deep they silent flow,
With the verdant banks o'erhanging
Pictured in the depths below.

Pulsing from the heart of Nature,
Here thy "Hot Spring's" genial gush,

*The Name of French Broad River in the Cherokee language was "Tah-kee-os-tee," signifying "racing waters."

There, like stream from Alpine glacier,
Down the mountain coldly rush.

Tah-kee-os-tee—Racing Water—
Was thy sonorous Indian name,
But as “French Broad” thou art written
On the white man’s roll of fame.

Perish that—but live the other!
For on every dancing wave
Evermore is shown the beauty
Of the name the red man gave.

MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

OUR STATE.

WITH a bosom swelling with glowing emotion, and with eyes radiant with brilliant sparkles of joy and pride, I come to speak of the matchless splendors and matchless resources of our grand and matchless State. I say matchless because it is the only State in the Union whose products fill up every blank in the United States Census Report, and all those who have enjoyed its sunny skies and delightful atmosphere agree in pronouncing it the favored spot of earth, hence it can indeed be called the grand and matchless State.

Yes, there is indeed a wealth of agricultural and mineral resources which make our dear, modest, meek, humble and unpretentious old State capable of the grandest and most magnificent possibilities. It shows

that she is nursing in her bosom to-day, as they lie undisturbed in sweetest and serenest repose, those germs of wealth which will enable her, when they are well grown and fully developed, to ride in the luxuriantly cushioned carriage of opulent and affluent splendor.

It is a land whose perpetual dripping of golden sunbeams makes our severest winters an eternal stranger to those sharp and biting winds which sleep on beds of ice, wrapped in sheets of everlasting snow. It is a land whose bleak December allows the flower-embowered verandas and vine-clad piazzas to remain comfortable enough for lovers to find their sweetest retreat; and there, warmed only by the glimmering fires of falling starbeams, they count the dulcet flight of happiest moments, timed to the rapturous pulsings of their own ecstatic heart-beats, as they go ebbing away, freighted with the odor of fragrant flowers, and the melody of birds, whose throats are lined with song the whole year through.

It is indeed and in truth a magic land, for here apples grow and ripen and mellow twice on the same tree in one year, for summer brings to these sun-kissed vales all of the sweetest and balmiest influences of its gorgeous and luxuriant wealth, and scatters as her incense and her fondest tribute to this beautiful shrine of plenteous land—favored of God and loved of man. It is a land where the golden sunlight of morn, aroused by the merry prattle and rippling laughter of splashing billows, scatters the first sparkling showers of living light, and makes gorgeous with crimson splendor some of the love-

liest vales that were ever stretched out beneath the broad and vast canopy of Heaven. It is a land whose vales, threaded with silvery brooklets, and dotted with flowery grottoes, make one dream of a new Florida, a new creation; where flowers grow in richest bloom and sweetest fragrance; where song birds sing their merry roundelay from early morn till late at night, making the whole year vocal with notes of gladness, and causing portions of every month of winter to resemble a flower-wreathed child of fragrant spring.

It is a land whose high mountain tops, catching all the crimson glories of gorgeous sunsets, preserve for man's delectation and rapture those exquisite tintings of beauty, seemingly made only for visions of the blest in the enchanted realms of Paradise. The scenes of beauty seen in the tangled dell, the vine-draped grotto, and the crystal streams, as they gleam in all the wild magnificence of their frost-wrought coloring, would dazzle and bewilder the brains of all the Titians and all the Claude Lorraines who ever painted with enchanted brush the rich creations of their poetic brains.

Yes, it is a land rich in scenes like these, for here Nature absolutely seems to lavish all the rich colors of Heaven on the landscape. Earth dons her most gorgeous apparelling of myriad-hued tapestry. Creation seems bathed in prismatic splendors. The willows and cottonwoods, aspens and laurels, in their delicate draperies of green and gold, flutter and simper with coquettish delight at the whisperings of the loving breeze.

Yes, come, friends from other States, come and see for

yourselves, and now is the time, for November is, of all the year, the queen month here. She comes dancing over peak and prairie, lake, vale and deep-tangled dell, scattering beauty and brilliancy unknown to dwellers in a less favored realm. The flutter of her many-colored, gauzy robes is like the dazzle of celestial kaleidoscopes. Her artist fingers weave mantles of autumn's brightest tintings for the woods and sloping lake and river sides. The whole air is resonant with the slumberous melody of falling waters which are resplendent with the glories of a million shattered rainbows, as the last sunbeams of summer, tangled in meshes of the spray and mist, die like ethereal dolphins in a blaze of many-tinted pain.

And above all this bends a sky of translucent azure, beauteous as ever beheld itself reflected back in the blue waves of Naples or the Golden Horn. And over the whole entrancing landscape, sleeping in the mellow autumn sunlight; over hill and valley, mountain, lake and plain; over crag, rock, rivulet and cascade, the mystic Indian Summer spreads her soft veil of blue and lavender hazy crape woven from the smoke, wreathing up in graceful spirals from the Heaven-pointing chimneys of happy and peaceful homes.

And in addition to all these natural attractions, it is a land of good morals and steady habits, of wise rulers and wholesome laws—a land where strikes are never feared and riots are unknown. A land of peace and order, and where a man of thrift and energy, industry and enterprise, can sit under the shade of his own vine and fig tree, and enjoy all the precious blessings necessary to fill up a sweet and contented existence.

And above all else, and far better, it is a land where man's reverence and adoration for womanly virtue and female excellence give to society that charm and delight and rapture which makes it seem a foretaste of Elysium, and shows that here in our dear old State woman reigns a God-crowned Queen, and all pay tribute to her royal sway.

These are some of the blessings and advantages which make North Carolina one of the most desirable spots for a habitation on this beautiful green earth.

W. H. BLOUNT.

SWANNANOA.

SWANNANOA, nymph of beauty,
I would woo thee in my rhyme;
Wildest, brightest, loveliest river
Of our sunny, southern clime!
Swannanoa, well they named thee,
In the mellow Indian tongue;
Beautiful* thou art, most truly,
And right worthy to be sung.

I have stood by many a river
Known to story and to song,—
Ashley, Hudson, Susquehanna,
Fame to which may well belong;

* Swannanoa, in the Cherokee language, signifies "Beautiful."

I have camped by the Ohio,
Trod Scioto's fertile banks,
Followed far the Juniata,
In the wildest of her pranks,—

But thou reignest queen forever,
Child of Appalachian hills,
Winning tribute as thou flowest
From a thousand mountain rills.

Thine is beauty, strength-begotten,
Mid the cloud-begirded peaks,
Where the patriarch of the mountains,*
Heavenward far thy water seeks.

Through the laurels and the beeches,
Bright thy silvery current shines,
Sleeping now in granite basins,
Overhung by trailing vines,
And anon careering onward,
In the maddest frolic mood,
Waking, with its sea-like voices,
Fairy echoes in the wood.

Peaceful sleep thy narrow valleys,
In the shadow of the hills;
And thy flower-enamelled border
All the air with fragrance fills;
Wild luxuriance,—generous tillage,—
Here alternate meet the view;
Every turn, through all thy windings,
Still revealing something new.

*The Black Mountain,—in which the stream has its source.

Where, oh ! graceful Swannanoa,
Are the warriors who of old
Sought thee, at thy mountain sources,
Where thy springs are icy cold,—
Where the dark-browed Indian maidens,
Who their limbs were wont to lave
(Worthy bath for fairer beauty)
In thy cool and limpid wave?

Gone forever from thy borders,
But immortal in thy name,
Are the red men of the forest !
Be thou keeper of their fame !
Paler races dwell beside thee ;
Celt and Saxon till thy lands,
Wedding use unto thy beauty,—
Linking over thee their hands.

JACQUES.

“CHARLOTTE OF MECKLENBURG.”

IN 1761, Admiral George, Lord Anson, with all the pomp and splendor which the British Navy could supply, was bringing from Germany a blooming bride to the young king, George III. Her name was Charlotte. She was a princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz. These names are great in history.

Few men stand out in English history more distinguished for romantic daring as a navigator, for the strong, sturdy qualities of English sailors, descendants of the

old Northmen who issued from their frozen fastnesses in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, like an irresistible torrent, to conquer the nations, than George, Lord Anson. He led a squadron around Cape Horn in the perils of winter, and after many vicissitudes circumnavigated the globe. He was the pioneer of the great victories of the English Navy. He was the teacher of Nelson. He it was who first announced and acted on the daring order which has led to so many victories over overwhelming odds, by English over French and Spaniards, and in the War of 1812, by Americans over English, "close with the enemy, gun to gun, hand to hand, cutlass to cutlass, no matter what odds against you." In early life he purchased lands on the waters of the Pee Dee, but his dreams of forest happiness were broken by the alarm of war. In 1749, when at the zenith of his popularity, his name was given to the vast country which extended from the limits of Bladen to the far waters of the mighty Mississippi.

George III. began to reign in 1760, for a few short years one of the most popular kings who ever sat on a throne, both at home and in the colonies, though in course of time his obstinacy alienated many of his subjects, and lost him the American possessions.

When his bride, the homely but sensible and pious Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz, came from the north of Germany to England she was the favorite of the day. It was the fashion to admire everything German, from the stern Frederick, then striking some of the most terrific blows of the Seven Years' War, to the blooming

maiden, whether princess or “gansemadchen” or goose-girl. The bride was received in London with enthusiastic ovations. Her manners, conversation and dress were heralded as if she were a goddess. Perhaps my lady auditors would like some details. Her manners were pronounced by no less a judge than Horace Walpole as “decidedly genteel.” Her dress was of white satin, brocaded with gold, distended with enormous hoops. She had a stomacher of diamonds. On her head was a cap of finest lace, stiffened so as to resemble a butterfly, fastened to the front of the head by jewels. I will quote to you one of her speeches. When she arrived in sight of St. James’s Palace, where she was to meet the groom, the bride turned pale. The Duchess of Hamilton rallied her. The princess replied, “yes, my dear duchess, *you* may laugh; *you* are not going to be married, but it is no joke to *me*!” It was a tremendously exciting time. Horace Walpole writes, “Royal marriages, coronations and victories came tumbling over one another from distant parts of the globe, like the work of a lady romance writer. I don’t know where I am. I had scarce found Mecklenburg Strelitz with a magnifying glass on the map before I was whisked to Pondicherry. Then thunder go the Tower guns; behold Broglie and Soubrire are totally defeated by Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick at the battle of Minden.” The joy of this period and the satisfaction over this marriage extended to the wilds of North Carolina, and the good queen’s names, Charlotte of Mecklenburg, were affixed, as soon as the news came, to a newly created county and town.

She was a woman of noble character. She was a model of domestic virtues, and the court through her influence was pure in the midst of a corrupt society. And when our ancestors, in the angry passions of war in 1779, expunged from the map the hated names of Tryon and Bute, and when the inhabitants of this section were the fiercest fighters against her husband, their swords sharp as hornet stings, they allowed the names of the good queen to remain as a perpetual tribute to all womanly virtues.

Note the coincidence, that just as Admiral Anson introduced Charlotte of Mecklenburg into England as its Queen, so in the distant North Carolina the county of Anson in North Carolina political history went before and was usher to the county of Mecklenburg.

It should be a warning lesson to all rulers that only thirteen years after this ebullition of loyal affection the most defiant resolves and the most spirited action against England's King came from those enlightened men whose county and town bore the name of England's Queen. The chords of sentimental devotion snapped when strained by hard and real assaults on inherited liberties. With many a sigh over the sweet past, now turned into bitterness, our ancestors addressed themselves to the stern task before them.

KEMP P. BATTLE.

YOU MUST not expect me to speak
Like Presidents Swain or Battle,
But when I get to Chapel Hill
I'll make the campus rattle.

BELLS OF CHRISTMAS.

BELLS of Christmas soon will chime,
And their tuneful notes will fly
From the steeples white with rime
To the clear, star-frosted sky.

Soon the organ pipes will blow
Strains triumphant, loud and long,
And the happy choir arow
Fill the whispering church with song.

Soon the pungent scent of pine
Will perfume the chilly hall,
Holly spray and cedar twine
Precious pictures on the wall.

Soon the Christmas fires will flare
With a consciousness of light,
And home windows everywhere
Flood with golden mist the night.

Christmas bells, prepare to ring,
Let us have a joyful time,
From your lofty rafters swing
Till the angels hear you chime.

Cricket on the poor man's hearth,
Get you ready with your trills
That shall sing of joy on earth
Till his heart with laughter fills.

Elfins dancing at my side,
Now a secret word with ye:
On that happy eve abide
With the children in their glee,

And when midnight hour shall fare,
Out each lamp of heaven blow
And in silence fill the air
With a tinkling shower of snow.

JOHN HENRY BONER.

EDUCATION.

THIS education forms not the common but the uncommon mind. The common mind is the uneducated mind. Very few of those who consider themselves educated have the inherent faculties of their minds fully brought out. In many there are latent intellectual powers, unsuspected by others, and unknown to themselves. That is more than a beautiful fancy, therefore, which runs through Gray's admired "Elegy in a Country Churchyard":

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Addison has an ingenious and very striking comparison, bearing upon the invisible forces and faculties of the soul. He compares the secret beauties of the soul

in an uneducated person to the statue in the unhewn block of marble. There it remains imprisoned and unseen, till the chisel of the sculptor emancipates and reveals it.

Education, however, not merely discloses and develops the beauty of the mind, but it is an essential instrument of usefulness and power. This particular aspect of education is perhaps best illustrated in the common school system; in which the design is, first, to lay the solid foundation of all future attainments and elegant ornaments. In education, the same principles should hold as in domestic economy. A man of sense will first lay in a sufficiency of articles strictly necessary to the use and comfort of the family. He may then, if his means permit, and to the extent that they permit, indulge his taste for the merely elegant and ornamental. So in education. The young man should be so thoroughly grounded in the elements of practical knowledge as to qualify him to gain a respectable living by the industrious use of his time and talents. He may then, very properly, seek to have such an acquaintance with literature, science, and art, as shall render him not only a strong, but a shining, character, always bearing in mind the maxim: "'Tis only solid bodies polish well."

JOSEPH M. ATKINSON.

INDIAN NAMES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The names of Yadkin College, and of the Catawba river, flowing amid its rocks and willows near us, call up the Indians whom we

have driven from their homes. They were a branch of a powerful tribe—the Catawbas. As these Indians passed away to the setting sun they have left their musical names as the sole reminder of their language, their sepulchral mounds and the mouldering skeletons and tawdry ornaments within as the ghostly relics of their stalwart warriors and graceful maidens, the arrow and tomahawk heads of flint, the harmless survivors of their once dreaded warfare.

YES, tho' they all have passed away—

That noble race and brave;

Tho' their light canoes have vanished

From off the crested wave;

Tho', 'mid the forests where they roved,

There rings no hunter's shout,

Yet their names are in our waters,

And we cannot mark them out.

Their memory liveth on our hills,

Their baptism on our shore,

Our everlasting rivers speak

Their dialect of yore!

'Tis heard where *Swannanoa* pours

Its crystal tide along;

It sounds on *Nantahala's* shores

And *Yadkin* swells the song;

Where lordly *Roanoke* sweeps

The symphony remains;

And swift *Catawba* proudly keeps

The echo of its strains;

Where *Tuckasegee's* waters glide

From rocky streams, 'tis heard,

And dark *Pamlico's* winding tide
Repeat the olden word;

Afar where nature brightly wreathed
Fit *Eden* for the free,
Along *Hiawasee's* bank 'tis heard
And stately *Tennessee*;
And then from where the clear, cold springs
Flows fast the rolling *Haw*;
The ancient melody still rings
To *Neuse* and *Waccamaw*.

KEMP P. BATTLE.

NORTH CAROLINA.

I STAND here to-day, proud to lift my voice in behalf of my native State. And while I honor the proud position of the other States of this Union, both north and south of us, and would not, if I could, detract one iota of their merited fame or just renown, still, as a son of North Carolina, and one who feels an honest and sincere pride in everything which concerns the honor, the welfare or the prosperity of the land that gave me birth, I will not be backward in declaring unto you her bright deeds of glory, while I have a heart to feel or a tongue to utter the same in your hearing.

Let your minds for a few moments revert with me to the early history of the formation of this government; and with pleasure let us contemplate the various scenes

in the first great struggle for independence, in which North Carolina took a most prominent and active part.

In those “times which tried men’s souls,” when the British soldiery, with fire and sword, were wasting the fairest portions of our beloved country—when every one of the old thirteen colonies felt that they “were, and of right ought to be, *free and independent States*,” who of them all, I ask, was *the first* to publish boldly to the ears of a listening world her own solemn declaration and determination to be free? I am proud to say it was

NORTH CAROLINA!

Yes, thirteen months before the memorable “Declaration of Independence” was issued at Philadelphia, on July 4th, 1776, North Carolina, asserting her sovereignty, had boldly sent forth her own immortal “Mecklenburg Declaration” from Charlotte, loudly proclaiming to the hated despots and tyrants of continental Europe her firm resolution to throw off the galling yoke of bondage by which she was unjustly held, and, “knowing her rights,” thenceforth “dared to maintain them”; trusting alone in the justness of her cause and in the strength of the “God of Battles” to sustain her. And nobly did she assert her right to independence, in the blood of her sons freely poured out on many a hard-fought field of the Revolution, in the contest, the terrible contest, for liberty and honor.

And, coming on down to later years, when war was again declared between this country and England in 1812, who, I ask, was among the first in that struggle to send her legions forth, at her country’s call “to arms,” against the daring invaders of her sacred soil? Again

it was NORTH CAROLINA! High let her name be inscribed on the temple of fame, and glorious be the dear inheritance handed down to ages yet unborn by the recollections of her past renown.

I confess to an honest pride in here recounting the heroic deeds of my native State in the days of the past; and although in the early years of the past two decades we have seen her liberties crushed and the heel of despotism lifted over her uncomplaining people, the result of the still later though no less noble struggle for her blood-bought privileges, yet grandly and proudly conscious of her stern integrity, and relying on the distant future to vindicate her cause in the eyes of posterity, North Carolina to-day demands and merits the deepest homage and warmest affection from the hearts of her true and faithful sons and daughters. “Bright through the smouldering ashes of the past—far amid the glare of flashing clouds which crimson the dark horizon beyond,” will ascend higher and yet higher to the zenith above, the glorious, imperishable record of her achievements, her honor and her glory to the wondering vision of the generations to come.

Then, my friends, I repeat again that I am proud to raise my voice in behalf of my dear native State. Here may my brightest days be spent; here my most vigorous energies be put forth for her prosperity and advancement; and when declining years and hoary hairs bring me feebly tottering to the grave, here, too, may I sleep my last sleep, and mingle my weary dust with the genial soil that gave me birth.

WILLIAM B. HARRELL.

“LET US ALL BE UP AND DOING.”

THIS world is not a shattered wreck
Where man, sin-struck, is cast,
His life one struggle to escape
Eternal death at last.

There is no death, but only change,
Man’s life’s eternal force
By God breathed in, which ever runs
Its still evolving course.

Each life is but a single voyage
Upon Time’s boundless sea,
A single link in one grand chain
Extending through Eternity.

The unspoken prayer of all mankind
Is Ajax’s prayer for light,
But only he who labors prays
The Christ-taught prayer aright.

Let not your forms be “empty forms,”
But each with meaning fraught,
To symbolize some spark of truth
By God through Nature taught.

Self-sacrifice is Nature’s law,
Plants live that seed may fall,
Together all things work for good—
Not of the one—but all.

Then let us each "be up and doing"
Whatever lies at hand,
Not idly in the world's grand mart
Awaiting wages, stand.

Let each revolving Christmas tide
A Christ mass truly be,
And life one long self-sacrifice
For all humanity.

MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

THE FOLLY OF COMPLAINING.

THE folly of complaining is evident from its utter inutility. If complaints could rebuild the house consumed by fire, if complaints could gather again the wealth once scattered, if complaints could infuse rapidity into the sluggish blood and re-touch the pale, wasted cheek with the rich hue of health, if complaints could reach the ear of death and recall the loved lost ones, and give their lips the eloquence of love and their eyes the glance of affection that once thrilled us—then might a man complain, and his neighbors might not call it foolish.

But it injures one's character to indulge in complaints. Without making his condition better, it destroys that gentleness of spirit which is so soothing in affliction, and deprives a man of the fortitude with which the ills of life should be borne. It aggravates the wounds of the

spirit. It exaggerates the minor evils of existence. When grown into a habit, it makes a man a perpetual self-tormentor, and a source of continual vexation to his family and friends. And this wretched habit, growing with a man's years, makes him not only unhappy in himself and disagreeable to others, but it makes him a worse man, by exciting his own evil passions, and an injurious man, by irritating the passions of others. Its great sinfulness is seen further in the fact that it has its rise in the exceeding selfishness of the heart. Every thing must go as the man wishes, or he is full of bitter complaints. The millions of the world's population must be overlooked, and the world's Governor must set himself to study the comfort of the complainer. The seasons must be adapted to his convenience; the "tide in the affairs of men" must be turned into the channel which bears him on to fortune, no matter how many thousands are ruined by the change; and the gates of life and death must be opened and shut at his pleasure; or he complains of fortune, that is, of the providence of God. It is no slight degree of sinfulness to be so presumptuous as to call God's works and ways into question, without the spirit of devout solemnity and under the irritation of a short-sighted selfishness, and with the peevishness of a perverse, ill-natured, spoilt child. To the folly is added the great sin of ingratitude.

But wherefore should a *living* man complain? Has he not life? and having life, has he not hope? The *future* is before him, full of promise, and may he not hope that he stands near the very movement in the world

which is to lift him up to bliss and prosperity? Has he not the *present*—a rich mine of gold beneath his feet, that only asks labor to spread its glories to his eyes? Has he not a *mind* within him?—a living, bounding, powerful principle, which survives the material changes around it, which leaps the tallest obstacle and flings every opponent aside? What may stand before his mind? Has he not a *heart*?—a heart in which fountains of affection are gushing up to refresh him and bless others? Let him clear those fountains of the rubbish of sin, and sweet as the waters of Paradise they will be. And—stripped of every outward possession, free and alone, let him stand in a wilderness place of this world—he is a *man*, he is ALIVE, he is IMMORTAL, the greatest, noblest, and most glorious creature that treads the earth—the child of time, but the heir of eternity.

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

TO OUR STATE.

ALL hail to thee, our good old State, the noblest
of the band
Who raised the flag of liberty in this our native land!
All hail to thee! thy worthy sons were first to spurn the
yoke;
The tyrant's fetters from their hands at Mecklenburg
they broke.
No coward foresight they possess'd, on peril's brink to
pause,
Nor waited for a sister State to lead in freedom's cause.

“Our lives, our fortunes,” was the cry; “our honor and our all,

We lay upon our country’s shrine, in answer to her call.”
From every heart there rose a shout, “No longer will we lie

Submissive at the tyrant’s feet: we’ll conquer or we’ll die;

For freedom and our liberties we’ll brave proud England’s host!”

“King’s Mountain,” “Guilford Court House” prove it was no braggart’s boast.

There England found a worthy foe her far-famed steel had met;

Firm as the rock our fathers stood and cross’d the bayonet;*

Lock’d in the fierce embrace of steel they bravely met their death,

Each bore his foeman to the ground, then yielded up his breath.

Brave sons of Carolina, I bid you, in her name,
Devote your time and talents to preserve her well-earned fame.

You are scatter’d through the Union, and, by your sterling worth,

Are enriching every State save that which gave you birth.
Whatever your condition, wherever you are found,
In the ranks of the mechanic, or as tillers of the ground,
Among the learn’d professions, in the legislative hall,
As sailors or as soldiers, ye excel in each and all.

*The battle of Guilford was one of the few where bayonets were crossed.

For steady perseverance, for honesty and truth,
The sons of Carolina are famous from their youth.
Then why desert your home-land where first your ardent
soul

Flash'd forth the fire of genius unfetter'd by control ?
Why leave her peaceful bosom, her rich and fertile soil,
To seek an El Dorado, for gold to dig and toil ?

Ah ! deep beneath her surface she hideth many an ore,
Rich gold as pure as Ophir or California's shore.

You are greatly wanting in the noble pride of State,
Or you would not thus desert her and leave her desolate.

Ye *youth* of Carolina, I call upon *you* now
To add one single jewel to the crown upon her brow.
You are entering, from her schools, the battle-fields of
life,

And her fostering care has arm'd you right nobly for the
strife ;

Walk onward, then, to glory ; seek literary fame,
And with the pen of history write Carolina's name.

MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

THE COMING OF A SUMMER DAY.

CONTEMPLATE with me that daily miracle of nature, as it appears on these sweet June mornings—"dark summer dawns," as Tennyson finely phrases it, or as I witnessed it a few days past. You step forth from the confined air of your chamber; the first sensation is that of delicious coolness and exhilaration; the

sky is without a speck or stain; the stars twinkle industriously in the ebon vault, their myriad eyes gleaming like fire. As your questioning soul looks up in mute admiration, they are silent; the winds are whist; the woods are still; the flowers are heavy with dew and the air with fragrance. In the east hangs low the decadent moon, a glittering silver sickle on a black velvet ground. As her escort a royal guard of stars appears; the golden lamp of Venus burns with intense and steady blaze, revealing her conscious beauty; her companion, the mighty and more distant Jupiter, with smaller but not less brilliant beam, while Saturn, almost eclipsed by their lustre, is barely seen, a point of light far away.

But lo! their splendors pale. Along the horizon is a faint glimmer of gray. You glance upward and find that the ebon hue of the vault is gone; the stars wax dim and slowly fade from view.

“The ancient moon hangs on its nether horn
A frightened ghost.”

The skies grow lighter and bluer. Again you turn your eyes to the coming morn. Streaks of light—“God’s glorious shadow,” to use Plato’s fine thought—shoot upward to the zenith—at first colorless, then growing cool gray, soft pearl, with the faintest hint of gold and pink—the purest and most delicate of tints, shaded with the utmost nicety. It is the daily battle of light and darkness. Now a mist rises, and strips of fleece are seen. They seem the advancing squadrons of the armies of the king, planting their white banners on the deserted field, as the hosts of darkness sullenly retire.

Those white banners suddenly become rose and flame-colored; the whole east flushes and glows at the coming of her lord, and while rays of golden glory from the advancing splendor leap across the heavens, objects of the dear, familiar earth come into view—the dark forest, the old homestead, the open plain. At length he comes! The eye of morn peeps over the eastern hills!

“Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.”

And now what a change greets the soul! There is a happy rustle of the leaves; the joyous breeze springs up to tell the glad world of the great transformation; the flowers bow their sweet faces as he passes; the marshalled clouds move steadily, softly onward, as if in triumph; there is a noise of merry music; happy birds carol in unrestrained glee; sounds of hope and delight fill the enchanted ear and thrill the soul. All is life, animation, beauty!

WILLIAM S. LACY.

I LOVE MY NATIVE STATE.

I LOVE thee, fairest of all lands, my home,
From lonely Hatteras where the breakers come
To where reared in the heavens, stands thy Dome,
North Carolina!

The world is loth to give thee what is just;
Upon thy bosom sleeps, unmourned, the dust
That ever will be a nation’s sacred trust,
North Carolina!

When others faltered, yearning to be free,
Then who first dared to strike for liberty,
A foe whose empire stretched o'er every sea?

North Carolina!

Were I as loud-voiced as Euroclydon,
I'd tell to earth's far ends in thunder-tone
That others wear the laurels thou hast won,

North Carolina!

For men to mock thee sets my soul on fire,
Who would deride thee would deride the sire
That braved earth's storms for food and attire,

North Carolina!

Till wizened Time shall pen his latest dates,
Long as the sea chafes at thy granite gates,
Thy valliant deeds shall live, thou State of States,

North Carolina!

H. J. STOCKARD.

THE AGE OF GOLD.

THIS is the age of gold, but not the golden age. Longfellow and Bryant have fallen asleep, Dickens and Bayard Taylor are gone, Tennyson is in his dotage, and Holmes and Lowell are close upon the mystic maze. And where are the great speakers who once stirred the Anglo-Saxon nations to their core? A few keen, epigrammatic debaters in Congress, a single patriotic, fiery-souled

leader in old Spain, and the imperishable Gladstone in the British Isles, are almost the only surviving wizards of the tongue, upon whose thrilling utterances of speech the growing thought-power of this age is waiting. In the meantime every sanctity of human hope and life is consecrated to money. The gods of material progress are set up by every hearth, and their priests are made to sacrifice at every altar. The missionaries of this false religion have come out of the golden cities of the North, and have swept our simple hero worship away as by a tempest. The boy's ambition now is to make money, and still to make money. Jay Gould and not Daniel Webster is the ideal of his waking dreams. The old syren voices of eloquence, which once sounded from many a moon-lighted grove charm him no more. Honor, fame, the imperial masters of the monarch mind, are traditions like those of Delphos and the Delian shore. Where will all this end? Are we to surrender the brightest and noblest products of our history that we may become a nation of money-makers? Are Chapel Hill, Princeton and Yale to be turned into workshops and arsenals, that the utilitarians may work their will upon the education of the future? Heaven forbid. Let us rather make our material growth the servant of our necessities. Let us maintain the empire of the brain over all the selfish cunning of trade and the athletic achievements of muscle. And the Republic shall soon come to be so great in its literature and sciences as it is in its territory, its liberties and its valor.

JOHN S. LONG.

“WHAT IS CHAFF TO THE WHEAT?”

IT is necessary for its protection, its development and its “fruit unto perfection”: so is the problem of evil in the world related to man’s highest good here and hereafter. The lesson of the natural and the moral wheat-field and harvest is one. The God of Nature is also the God of Grace. He who made the darkness makes also the light. They are correlative terms. The one is *necessary* to any conception of, and the very being of the other; and the deeper the darkness the greater the illumination of the light. The brilliancy of the day is born of the darkness of the night. “Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” It is the darkness which reveals to us the universe. If there were no night, how should we ever see the stars? And so out of the dark and gloomy background of sin the light of the gospel shines forth. If sin had never entered into the world, there could have been no Saviour from sin.

If man had never offended a just and holy God, how could he ever enter into the depths of that sweet saying, “God is love?” If there had been no broken tablets of the law at Sinai, there would have been no such words of comfort from Calvary, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” “If there had been no discords here on earth,” as has been beautifully said, “the anthem of heaven would have been sung to only one note, and all its sweetest harmonies would have been wanting.”

Chaff is ever with the wheat in the field of the world. Evil is ever about us and of us, and will be to the end. We may not be borne to heaven on “flowery beds of ease.” In the moral and spiritual world as in the natural and physical, the process of threshing is necessary, and it is *severe*. To gain and enjoy the victory, the valiant soldier must fight and “endure hardness.” “No cross, no crown.”

“What is the chaff to the wheat?” It is *necessary*: and before we are made meet for the heavenly garner, the severe and painful process of winnowing is also *necessary*. The Apostle has expounded this parable of all nature in one word: “We must through much *tribulation* enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

M. M. MARSHALL.

REPLY TO “GRAY'S ELEGY.”

NO ocean “gem of purest ray serene”
Is planted in the deep to perish there;
No flower on earth “is born to blush unseen,”
“And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

The eye of man may ne'er behold that gem
“The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear”;
His keenest sense ne'er note the sweet perfume
That rose distills upon “the desert air”;

Still not one sparkle of that gem is lost,
And not one breath of fragrance from the rose,

For round about them are a countless host
Who in their splendor revel or repose.

Those “dark, unfathomed caves” of ocean deep
Are not so dark as poets sometimes write;
There myriads moving, mingling monsters creep,
And doubtless to them all that “gem” is bright.

Within the caverns of the grains of sand
That lie around that desert rose’s feet,
A thousand living things, fed by God’s hand,
Find joyous homes. To them that rose is sweet.

And still, if not a creature wandered where
That rose is blooming or that gem is laid,
The great Creator, God, who placed them there,
Would take delight in works His hands had made.

Think not thy worth and work are all unknown
If no partial penman paint thy praise;
Man may not see nor mind, but God will own
Thy worth and labor, thy thoughts and ways.

The desert rose, though never seen by man,
Is nurtured with a care divinely good;
The ocean gem, beneath the rolling main,
Is ever brilliant in the eyes of God.

NEEDHAM BRYAN COBB.

I AM a little boy, scarcely three feet high,
But all our great men were once as small as I.

OUR COUNTRY—PAST AND PRESENT.

WHAT a splendid monument to civilization is this Republican government of ours! here, where every man is free to exercise his religious and political opinions without the fear of molestation! Freedom of speech and freedom of action, together with an humble trust in a Divine Providence, make us what we are. Go back, if you please, one hundred years ago, and see the pioneers of this Republic struggling for independence. Tell me not that it was physical strength which overcame our enemies and brought victory to our banners! All was dark and gloomy; the horizon was like the blackness of night, without a single star to inspire hope; the long looked-for morning refused to dawn, and nothing but an invisible faith in the God of Battles cheered and comforted the true and noble hearts of the Patriots of the Revolution! They fought on, struggled on, and prayed on, in famine sometimes, and frequently in despair they braved all, and suffered all, until finally the light began to break upon the long and weary night, the morning came, wider and brighter the light grows, farther and farther it reaches, until its brightness illuminates the Heavens, and the joyous trumpet of freedom proclaimed a new-born Republic.

From a few thousand scattered settlers we have grown to be a nation of fifty millions of people: the forests that were once vocal with screaming birds and howling beasts have disappeared before the march of progress and

civilization; and splendid cities and cloud-piercing spires have taken their places. The rivers upon whose bosom quietly floated the canoe of the Red-man are now the highways of trade and commerce, and the songs of the boatmen are heard upon their waters. The steam-car laden with the traffic of the world traverses our utmost limits, our country is girdled with electricity, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, wealth, refinement and culture prevail in the greatest degree.

Our mountains and our skies, our valleys and our rivers are fit objects for the painter's brush and the poet's lyre; here *genius* is born; our statesmen, poets, orators and warriors arrest the world in wrapt amazement, and mankind in breathless wonder read the story of their grand achievements.

For nearly a century, like a great light in the world's firmament, our government had been the wonder of nations and the pride of its people.

But, suddenly, its majestic march is checked, the cannon's roar and the sound of the trumpets of war are heard in the land, the heavens are ablaze with the lurid glare of battle, and two flags and two armies, of one tongue and one people, are struggling for the mastery. The land is drenched in blood, homes are made desolate, orphans and widows cry aloud for bread, until the human heart grows sick and weary.

The end comes. The Southern flag is furled forever within the limits of this beautiful land, and the flag which floated at Guilford Court House before the guns of Cornwallis again becomes the flag of one people and

one country. Of that fierce and bitter struggle I do not care to speak: of how the pride and hope of our Southland were victims to war's cruel fate; of the glorious death of our soldiers who sleep upon the bloody field, the blue in one grave, the gray in the other—yet there is one sentiment which should animate the heart of every patriot, and that is this: “Let there be peace in the land.”

Sectional feeling and bitterness are rapidly disappearing from every part of our country, the passions of war are subsiding, and the North and the South are beginning to understand each other. Their interests of trade and of commerce are the one dependent upon the other, and the time is not far away when the dead of both sections and of both armies shall be regarded as the dead of a common country and of one people. May the day speedily come when these war passions and prejudices, which, like an evil bird are heard in some parts of the country, will pass away forever; when the government of our fathers may have a home and a habitation in every part of our land and an abiding place in the hearts of all the people.

The time is propitious for seed-sowing and the harvest will come on apace. The coming generations must be taught to love their country and its institutions. The young men of the land are for peace. The gray-haired fathers in Israel who are bent with age and with the cares of life, counsel peace. The mothers and maidens of America pray for peace. Yet, there are those who would open the graves of our battle-slain, and fight the

war over again. Thank God they are not the men, however, who saw their comrades fall, who shrouded them in bloody blankets, and over their honored graves fired the military salute, but they are those who stood afar off, with neither the smoke of battle in their nostrils, nor the smell of fire upon their garments. Upon all such let the patriotic people of the country, regardless of party or locality, turn their backs. They are neither friends to the government, nor promoters of the national peace. In this hour of governmental tranquility, when the administration, discarding all sectional differences and localities, seeks to blot out all lines of war and discord, and administer public affairs for the promotion of the public good, let our people with one accord unite in upholding so just and patriotic a policy. The Chief Magistrate who would thus encourage domestic peace, ensure national happiness, and preserve the equality of the States under the Constitution, is a blessing to the people, an honor to the nation, and a benefactor of his race.

Regarding the possibilities of our country as too infinite, and the genius of our free institutions as too precious to the liberty-loving of mankind, he would not neglect the one or impair the other for the sake of political advantage. Knowing that man to be an enemy of society and national advancement who would estrange the people of one section from the people of the other, he stands upon the heights of national patriotism, overlooking all sectionalism, seeing no North, no South, no East, no West, no glory which is not national, no destiny

which is not common, no county but the Union. Such a man in any age and in any country deserves the approbation of his fellows, the confidence of mankind, and an imperishable name in his country's history.

JOHN N. STAPLES.

L I F E.

LIFE is mingled bliss and care,
Vicissitudes combining;
Alternating hope and fear
With dark and silver lining.

This life cannot all sunshine be,
Tho' every whim attend it;
We never know, nor can we see
What circumstance may end it.

It little recks which way we fall
In calm or tempest driven;
Provided every impulse—all
Point upward, home to heaven.

If on the dark side we would look
For darker things behind it,
Experience, the unsealed book,
Proclaims we're sure to find it.

Whatever phase of life we view,
There's never full completeness;
There's light and shade and joyous hue
Commingled with all sweetness.

Too oft we pine at ills unseen,
And from the future borrow;
And load ourselves till we careen
With what may be to-morrow.

Thus with a world of care we hedge
Ourselves, and little know it;
By ever crossing o'er the bridge
Before we have come to it.

J. W. HARRINGTON.

LIBERTY AND LAW.

THE GREEK, THE ROMAN AND THE TEUTON.

THE Greek was the great champion of liberty. He was not a conqueror, for he loved liberty more than power. He treasured an ideal of individual liberty superior to government. He elevated the citizen above the city, the city above the State, the State above the nation. In the conflict of races this ideal must fail. A race that will live must organize its power. The weakness of power not organized was seen in the easy downfall of the Greeks. Too stubborn devotion to the freedom of the individual produced the slavery of the race. Three centuries after Leonidas and the "Three Hundred" had immortalized Thermopylæ, Roman soldiers were kicking statues on the streets of Corinth, and the land of Demosthenes was a Roman province!

The Roman was the great champion of law. His ideal was a centralized government, unlimited in power, ruling the world. He surrendered his individual liberty in order that Rome might rule. Wherever he conquered he planted Roman colonies and established Roman laws; he taught the conquered to speak his language and worship his gods. But, after destroying the liberty of other races, he discovered too late that his own was gone. He had wielded the two-edged sword of despotism and slain himself.

The strength of every government is founded in the liberty of all its citizens—liberty of thought, liberty of speech, liberty of labor. It is founded in the golden mean between Roman obedience and Greek independence, for neither was the true conception of liberty. The strongest laws secure liberty to all; the surest liberty is the reign of law. Liberty is the strength of law and law is the bulwark of liberty. The Greek was the great champion of liberty; the Roman was the great champion of law. It was reserved for another race to conceive the nobler ideal of law devoted to liberty—of liberty submissive to law. It was reserved for the Teuton, who, “while the Greek was beautifying the earth with his art and the Roman was building his empire of force, wandered, unknown and naked, among the beasts of the forests.” It was reserved for the Teuton to teach the world constitutional liberty and government by the people, to construct those eternal charters of freedom, the *Magna Charta* of England and the Constitution of the American Union. It was reserved for the Teuton,

by the Protestant Reformation, to free the soul from the tyranny of priests and secure for all ages liberty of conscience. It was the Teuton that entered the secret chambers of nature and made the giant forces his slaves. It was the Teuton that ribbed the earth with steel and sent the engine plowing through the mountain. It was the Teuton that gave speech to the wire and whispered thought around the globe swifter than the voices of the morning. It is the Teuton that has given to war a Lee, a Grant and a Wellington; to science, a Newton and a Humboldt; to literature, Shakespeare; to humanity, Luther and Washington.

To-day the Teuton rules. His throne in the Old World is England and Germany; his home in the New World is our Northern Continent. He is king by the divine right of a noble manhood. He has lifted civilization to a higher plane of thought and action, where he stands towering above other races.

GEORGE T. WINSTON.

CAROLINA.

TELL me, ye winds, if e'er ye rest
Your wings on fairer land,
Save when near Araby the blest,
Ye scent its fragrant strand?
Tell me, ye Spirits of the Air,
Know ye a region anywhere,
By night or day that can compare
With Carolina, bright and fair?

Her feet she plants on Ocean's plane;
Her arms the Hills embrace;
In Mountain's snow, or mist, or rain,
She laves her smiling face:
Turns then to greet Aurora's dawn,
Ere yet, on sea, the day is born;
And Stars that die at birth of morn,
Kiss her "Good-by"—and then are gone!

Fair Ceres smiles o'er waving fields,
On hill-side and on plane;
The generous soil abundance yields,
With sunshine and with rain:
Tell me, ye rivers, creeks and rills,
Know ye a land the farmer tills,
That larger barns and granaries fills,
Than Carolina's vales and hills?

Beneath her soil, just hidden, lie
Treasures of priceless worth,
Which in their value well may vie
With richest mines of earth.

Then list! as blithe Hygeia sings:
"Long life and health are in our springs!
Drink deep; each draught new vigor brings,
Backward old Time shall turn his wings,
Death lose his stings!"

On Mecklenburg's historic ground,
All hail! our Charter-Tree!
Where Freedom's voice was first to sound
The watch-word, "Man is free!"

That clarion note the nation caught,
Our sires, emboldened by the thought,
All that they had and were they brought,
For altars, homes and honor fought,
And freedom bought.

Later, when Janus oped his door,
Bade blood and carnage swell,
Till swollen rivers had no shore,
And Freedom shrieked “ Farewell !”—
Tell me, ye sutlers, who are they,
Clad in their faded, tattered grey,
With deaf’ning yell, rush to the fray,
Nor pause till they have won the day?
“ Tar-Heels” are they !

JAMES A. DELKE.

TRUE NORTH CAROLINIANS.

NORTH Carolinians cannot forget the past. Around their history cluster memories of lofty patriotism and unsullied honor, of noble daring and high emprise. We do not believe that under heaven’s canopy there dwell a people who are more heartily devoted to civil and religious freedom than are our people. They know well what sufferings and trials were encountered before freedom was established within our borders. They remember Liberty’s birth-hour, amid perils and darkness—how she was born literally on an open field of

battle and blood, amid hissing bullets and dying groans; they remember how fiery storms beat long on her unsheltered and helpless childhood; they remember how, for one hundred years, she has been the guardian angel of the Republic; that under her beneficent protection and favor the thirteen infant colonies have grown into thirty-eight giant States! Remembering these things, the people of North Carolina will cleave to her as a mother cleaves to her first-born, through peril and storm. Her beautiful tresses may be somewhat dishevelled, her rich and gorgeous robes may be somewhat soiled—even her fair and lovely face may be somewhat blackened and scarred by violence and war; but she is still lovely, immortal in her youth. Hope sits still upon her helmet, singing its merry song, and a sweet and benignant calm rests upon that eye that a few years ago flashed with the battle-light of victory. North Carolinians must cultivate a love of State as well as love of country. They are in every way identified with the progress and glory of their common country, and they are keeping a lively step to the music of the Union. It is their solemn duty to be true to the Constitution of the fathers. That sacred instrument is the sheet-anchor of the people's hope and liberties, civil and religious. If it is violated, in spirit or letter, for any purpose whatever, it opens up the flood-gates that may turn in upon the country a deluge of ruin. The safety of the country rests upon the reign of law. That splendid structure, the Constitution, reared by the consummate genius of our forefathers, and made sacred with their tears and

prayers and sacrifices and sufferings, must not be overthrown and destroyed.

T. B. KINGSBURY.

THE REVIEW OF OUR DEAD.

TWAS night. The stars shone bright,
And wrapt in spectral glow the silent world:
Before the rising winds the clouds were whirled,
Like phantoms weird from out the western skies;
The myriad eyes,
That from those boundless regions sentry kept,
In darkness slept!

Below, with dismal flow
The mighty river rolled the hills between;
The boding night-wind swept its hands unseen
Across the solemn harp-strings of the pines,
And down their lines
The spirit-echoes of the anthem wound,
A ghost of sound!

A shade, in mist arrayed,
Came in the winds; his beard streamed in the night;
His gray coat 'round him closely wrapt; his white
Steed shod with silence: in his dusky hand,
A sabre; and,
As distant thunders on our slumbers fall,
He made his call:—

“Awake, dead Armies! Shake
Lethæn slumbers off! The ancient chains
Of Death asunder break, and from your plains
Of glory march! Oblivion, unbar thy gloomy gates;

The State of States
Calls from thy shadowy bourne her children home!”
They come—they come!

A sound that shook the ground
Went forth through earth. 'Twas like the hollow roar
Of cannons dying in the hills; and o'er
Night's broad expansions swept the trumpet's tone!

Blent with the moan
Of winds, soft strains of martial music stole
Into the soul!

Along the vale they throng
As clouds across the moon at midnight roam,
Dark, shuddering volumes—fleecy scuds—they come;
And down into the valley's awful hush,

On, on they rush!
The vision raised his blade, and waved them on
With, “Haste, the dawn!”

And ranks swept on. Phalanx
On phalanx pressed down through the misty vale;
Battalion on battalion; riders pale
On dim, mysterious chargers hurried past
Down in that vast
And silent-moving pageant of the dead,
With muffled tread!

The form upon his arm
Then bent his head ; and when the mystic band
Far in the pine-wood ceased, across the land
Went forth the cry of children, and the moan
 Of widows lone,
Lamenting for the ones that glad the door
 Of home no more !

H. J. STOCKARD.

HATTERAS.

THE Wind King from the North came down
 Nor stopped by river, mount, or town ;
But, like a boisterous god at play,
Resistless, bounding on his way,
He shook the lake and tore the wood,
And flapped his wings in merry mood :
Nor furled them, till he spied afar
The white caps flash on Hatteras Bar,
Where fierce Atlantic landward bowls,
O'er treacherous sands and hidden shoals.

He paused, then wreathed his horn of cloud
And blew defiance long and loud :—
“Come up, come up, thou torrid god
That rulest the Southern sea !
Ho ! lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,
Come, wrestle here with me !
As tossest thou the tangled cane,
I'll hurl thee o'er the boiling main !”

The angry heavens hung dark and still,
Like Arctic night on Hecla's hill;
The mermaids sporting on the waves,
Affrighted, fled to coral caves;
The billow checked its curling crest,
And, trembling, sank to sudden rest,
All ocean stilled its heaving breast.

Reflected darkness weird and dread,
An inky plain the waters spread—
So motionless, since life was fled.
Amid this elemental lull,
When nature died, and death lay dull—
As though itself was sleeping there—
Becalmed upon that dismal flood,
Ten fated vessels idly stood,
And not a timber creaked!
Dim silence held each hollow hull,
Save when some sailor in that night
Oppressed with darkness and despair,
Some seaman, groping for the light,
Rose up and shrieked!

They cried like children lost and lorn:
“O Lord, deliver while you may!
Sweet Jesus, drive this gloom away!
Forever fled, O lovely day!
I would that I were never born!”
For stoutest souls were terror-thrilled,
And warmest hearts with horror chilled.

“Come up, come up, thou torrid god,
Thou lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,
And wrestle here with me !”

‘Twas heard and answered : “Lo ! I come from azure
Carribee,

To drive thee cowering to thy home,
And melt its walls of frozen foam !”

From every isle and mountain dell,
From plains of pathless chapparel,
From tide-built bars, where sea-birds dwell,
He drew his lurid legions forth,
And sprang to meet the white-plumed North.

Can mortal tongue in song convey
The fury of that fearful fray ?

How ships were splintered at a blow—
Sails shivered into shreds of snow,
And seamen hurled to death below !

Two gods commingling bolt and blast,
The huge waves at each other cast,
And bellowed o'er the raging waste ;
Then sped like harnessed steeds afar
That drag a shattered battle-car
Amid the midnight din of war !

False Hatteras ! when the cyclone came,
Thy waves leapt up with hoarse acclaim,
And ran and wrecked yon argosy !

Fore'er nine sank ! That lone hulk stands
Embedded in thy yellow sands—
A hundred hearts in death there stilled,
And yet its ribs, with corpses filled,

Are now caressed by thee !
Smile on, smile on, thou watery hell,
And toss those skulls upon thy shore ;
The sailor's widow knows thee well ;
His children beg from door to door,
And shiver, while they strive to tell
How thou hast robbed the wretched poor !

Yon lipless skull shall speak for me :—
“ This is Golgotha of the sea,
And its keen hunger is the same
In winter's frost, or summer flame.
When life was young, adventure sweet,
I came with Walter Raleigh's fleet,
But here my scattered bones have lain
And bleached for ages by the main.
Though lonely once, strange folk have come,
Till peopled is my barren home.

“ Enough are here, O heed the cry,
Ye white-winged strangers sailing by !
The bark that lingers on this wave
We find its smiling but a grave.
Then, tardy mariner, turn and flee,
A myriad wrecks are on thy lee !
With swelling sail and sloping mast,
Accept kind Heaven's propitious blast !
Oh, ship, sail on ! oh, ship, sail fast,
Until, Golgotha's quicksands pass'd,
Thou gainest the open sea at last ! ”

JOSEPH W. HOLDEN.

THE AMERICAN EXPLORER.

MAN is a roving animal; and, though fond of home and its social enjoyments, yet he loves to visit “other fields and pastures new.”

Every age has had its noted traveler, who has brought home an account of his voyages and thrilling adventures; and every nation has had its representative in the list of wandering worthies. Even the phlegmatic German has been seen quietly smoking his pipe on the summit of the pyramid of Cheops, sending forth the curling wreaths of smoke to float over the verdant valley of the historic Nile and mingle with the mists that rise from its placid bosom. The lively Frenchman has been found chattering on the hoary peak of Mount Sinai, and talking gaily of the latest fashions from Paris—on the very spot where Moses stood when he delivered the oracles of Heaven to the descendants of Abraham. And the burly Englishman, not content with the beautiful landscapes and soft-flowing streams of his own “Merrie England,” wanders to distant lands and boasts of the “Lion of England” in the presence of foreign kings and potentates. But of all wanderers, the restless American is the most untiring and energetic. Though living in a country abounding in all that is beautiful and majestic in nature, where the waters of Niagara thunder down their irresistible torrent, where volcanoes rock the solid earth, where gold and silver and precious stones reward the toil of the miner; in fine, where all that can please

the eye and gratify a taste for the sublime and beautiful are scattered broadcast over the land, he leaves all these and thirsts for other scenes.

Is there a spot of earth which the foot of an American has never pressed? The open polar sea, whose borders are frozen up in an eternal winter, flashed its bright waters first to the delighted gaze of Elisha Kent Kane. The irrepressible son of Columbia stands before the Emperor of all China and tells the "brother of the sun and moon" that there is a nation in the far distant west, across the broad waters, that is farther advanced in the arts and sciences than the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire; he visits the Arctic island of Spitzbergen and lays bare the beds of ivory that contain the remains of elephants which wandered in those regions thousands of years before; he penetrates the jungles of India and attacks the royal tiger in his native thickets; he traverses the sandy deserts of Africa and astonishes the Bedouin Arabs, those sons of the burning zone, with his fortitude and endurance. Even Iceland, that lonely isle of the northern sea, has attractions for the American. He is familiar with its rugged landscape, its queer people, Mt. Hecla and its belching fires, and the boiling springs of Geyser. On the shores of the South Sea islands he dives for coral and pearl, and tells wonderful stories of his sports with the mermaids of the tropic latitudes.

The condor of the South American Andes, as he sits perched above the clouds upon a crag where rests eternal snow, looks down upon our restless traveler. Burning sun nor polar snows, foaming rivers nor raging oceans,

mountain heights nor deep ravines, e'er stop for a moment the onward career of the American explorer. Impulsive, curious and determined, he circumnavigates the earth with a settled intention to master all its difficulties, to penetrate all its secrets, or perish in the attempt.

RICHARD H. LEWIS.

AN ANGEL IN THE MARBLE.

AS block of marble met the glance
Of Donatelli's eyes,
They brightened in their solemn depths,
Like meteor-lighted skies.

“I'll hew an angel from this stone,”
The gifted sculptor said,
“And fashion it like unto one
Now numbered with the dead.”

No sooner thought, than chisel bright
The shapeless mass assailed,
And blow on blow, from morn till night,
The angel form unveiled.

Soon brow was carved, alive with thought,
Two speaking eyes outshone;
And as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone.

Now o'er the stately bust the hair
Clusters in graceful rings,
And inch by inch is slowly freed
The sweep of half-furled wings.

Thus mallet deft and chisel keen
The marble fetters shed,
And where the shapeless block had been,
An angel stood instead !

* * * * *

These blows that smite and pangs that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine,
Say, are they not the Master's Tools,
Forming a work Divine ?

This hope that crumbles at my feet,
This joy that mocks and flies,
Say, are they not the clogs that keep
My spirit from the skies ?

Sculptor of Souls ! I lift to Thee,
Encumbered heart and hands,
Spare not the chisel ; set me free
From these enslaving bands.

Teach me to know that every ache
That draws my thoughts to Thee
Is but a proof that Thou wilt make
AN ANGEL THUS OF ME !

GEORGE H. GORMAN.

WHAT THE PRESS HAS DONE FOR NORTH CAROLINA.

WHAT nobler theme could be suggested than the Press—the mighty engine that more than any other power under God has served to spread the Gospel of Christ throughout the world, has brightened every dark spot upon the globe with the rays of the light of knowledge, has carried to the humblest cot as well as to the stately home the record of the deeds of noble men, the thoughts of the wisest and the best of earth? Do not ask me what it has done. What has it not done?

Knowledge is power, and it has brought knowledge within the reach of all. The result has been an uplifting of the human race such as could not have been attained by any other means. The clicking of the bits of metal in the printer's hand is a music that is daily heard around the world and that will last as long as the centuries. The white sheets passed through the presses of the publisher are wings on which the burning words, the ideas fresh from the mental alchemy of those in the fore-front of the battle of life, are borne to the ends of the earth.

Man has in type a vehicle of thought that cannot be rivaled in usefulness or convenience. His possibilities of influence, with the power it gives him, cannot be measured. The value of the Press to the world at large is far beyond estimate. What it has done for North Carolina is great in proportion.

The State of our love and our pride is rich in natural gifts beyond the fables of antiquity. There are riches of the air, of the soil, of the forest and of the waters. These have been in great part hidden from the eye, locked up by the Creator for the use of His children. The Press of the State has brought them from their places of concealment and displayed them to the admiration of all men. The Press of the State has turned them into gold, and so brought wealth to their possessors. The material welfare of the State to-day is largely due to the ceaseless efforts of those who pen with patriotic zeal the State's great natural advantages.

But the Press soars far above the realm of material things only. Its aims are higher than the level of that which perishes. It seeks to ennable the mind, to raise the aspirations, to broaden the sympathies, until humanity shall again approach its first estate and be enabled to grasp the eternal verities. The State Press has from the earliest period applauded the good, condemned the evil, teemed with wholesome lessons of morality. It has enforced the doctrines of civil liberty, maintained the principles of equity and justice, dwelt upon the importance of a constitutional form of government, and urged all the virtues that tend to happiness and contentment.

It has preserved the great deeds of North Carolina's sons done on the field of battle, in the forum, on the bench, at the bar, in the path of the physician, in diplomacy, in science, and presented them as bright examples to our youth. It has thus raised up standards of endeavor than which man needs no loftier. It has quick-

ened the intelligence of the whole State, raised the ambition of every section, shed the light of information on every mountain side, on every plain, on the shore of every bay. It has told of the world's best work daily in every hamlet, at every fireside. It has opened the minds, brightened the ideas, deepened the feelings of all our people.

When the sails of European adventurers first whitened the waters of our sea-like sounds none would have dared to predict the pride and pomp of the power and prosperity with which we are now familiar. The stately cities, the beautiful towns, the well-tilled fields of to-day could not have been imagined. The comforts and conveniences of our civilization could not have been dreamed of.

We have a Commonwealth standing in all essential particulars among the first of the fair sisterhood of our Union. The Press has done more than any other agency to place her there. It has made us majestic among the peoples of the earth. Above all, it has made us fear God, honor authority and love the home—that spot about which cluster all the holiest and tenderest sentiments of which we are capable.

Without the Press the world would have remained in semi-barbarism. Without its wonderful influence our State would still be sleeping the sleep of Rip Van Winkle. As it is, behold her—dear old North Carolina! One of the brightest stars in the political constellation of America, which is the most splendid sight in the heavens of the student of Government. And her brilliance must be largely ascribed to the Press.

JAMES IREDELL MCREE.

JOHN'S FIRST SPEECH.

DON'T think I'll make as great a speech
As Badger, Graham, Vance;
Perhaps, some day, their fame I'll reach
If I but have a chance.

But standing here before you now
I'll do the best I can;
And when I'm through will make my bow
Just like a little man.

My speech is very short, you see,—
And soon I will retire;—
If other speakers would, like me,
Be brief, you would not tire.

Thus they may each a lesson learn,
The teacher, though, is small;
And now I hope my speech will earn
Approval from you all.

H.

WELCOME, DEAR friends, one and all,
To our pleasant school to-day;
We are glad to have you call
And hear what we have to say.

ALAMANCE.

NO stately column marks the hallow'd place
Where silent sleeps, unurn'd, their sacred dust:
The first free martyrs of a glorious race,
Their fame a people's wealth, a nation's trust.

The rustic ploughman, at the early morn,
The yielding furrow turns with heedless tread;
Or tends with frugal care the springing corn,
Where tyrants conquer'd and where heroes bled.

Above their rest the golden harvest waves,
The glorious stars stand sentinels on high,
While in sad requiem, near their turfless graves,
The winding river murmurs, mourning, by.

No stern ambition waved them to the dead,—
In Freedom's cause they nobly dared to die—
The first to conquer, or the first to bleed,
God and their country's right their battle-cry.

But holier watchers here their vigils keep
Than storied urn or monumental stone—
For *Law* and *Justice* guard their dreamless sleep,
And *Plenty* smiles above their bloody home.

Immortal youth shall crown their deathless fame,
And as their country's glories shall advance,
Shall brighter blaze, o'er all the earth, thy name,
Thou first-fought field of Freedom, Alamance.

S. W. WHITING.

PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTISM with an American is a noun personal. It is the American himself and something over. He loves America as he loves himself. He loves her for herself and for himself—because she is America and everything besides. He never gets acclimated elsewhere; he never loses citizenship to the “old home.” The right of expatriation is a pure abstraction to him. He may breathe in France, but he lives in America. His treasure is here, and his heart also. If he looks at the Delta of the Nile it reminds him of the Mississippi swamps. He views the dome of St. Paul’s with an increased respect for his Capitol at Washington, and listens to the eloquence of Gladstone, or the fiery utterances of Lord Randolph Churchill with a longing desire to hear our Ransom, or Fowle, or Vance. He is nothing if not patriotic.

This inherent trait in the character of the native American is not less conspicuous in that of her adopted sons. The *Émigré* from France, warm and enthusiastic, steps from the deck of the ship which bore him from his home, becomes imbued with the American ideas, assimilates himself to us and is henceforth a *French-American*. The dweller on the Mediterranean, where the warm Southern breezes fan him to slumber, breathes the healthful and invigorating air of Coney Island, and washes off all traces of his former allegiance in the briny waves of the Atlantic. The “Jap,” outstripping his

nearest neighbor in material and social improvement, drinks at the fountain of American learning and imbibes our public spirit and ardent love for country.

Those who seek for the cause of this singular and peculiar development of patriotism we point to the pages of history, and tell them there to read in bright and shining letters the narrative of this country's many acts of disinterested humanity to her people, and we bid them there to gather a lesson, which, if they study it well, may enable them to regain the long-estranged affections of their subjects.

Let a foreigner set his foot on the dock at Castle Garden, though poor and friendless, with rags to cover his limbs and hunger gnawing at his vitals, if he but declare his intention of becoming an American citizen he may wrap himself in the folds of that flag which has never been furled and defy the mandates of the world. We ask him nothing as to his antecedents, we care nothing for them, but looking only to the future, it is sufficient for us that he acknowledges our sovereignty and seeks our care; we throw the mantle of our protection around him and accept in return his *voluntary* allegiance.

It was this patriotism that raised America from her state of ignorance to her present state of civilization and opulence; supported her in her sorest trials, and advanced her so surely on the road to glory. It was this that taught her sons to fight, to conquer and to die in support of freedom and its blessings. Restrain not the flow of such a generous feeling, for so long as it guides and directs your conduct you may fear no foe, and every

species of tyranny and oppression will feel the force of its influence and succumb to its power.

EDWARD C. SMITH.

BE PATIENT, TEACHER.

THY task, perhaps, doth vex thee,
And oft'times comes despair
While telling one thing o'er and o'er,
With wrinkled brow of care.

'Tis old to thee, and tiresome,
But then 'tis new to them;
And some one must disclose the buds
That bloom on wisdom's stem.

Remember *thy* first efforts
To grasp the hidden things:
How oft a kind and cheerful word
A sudden radiance flings!

The child who sits and worries
O'er some dark problem now,
Her eyes half wet with starting tears,
Hands pressed to throbbing brow,

Needs but one harsh word spoken,
In quick and angry tone,
To crush the heart, and dull the thoughts—
Be patient with each one.

The scolding, fretful teacher
 Is something we deplore;
 The frown upon her own dark face
 Casts deeper shades before.

O, come with smiling faces,
 Be gentle, kind and true;
 Ask help from One who strove, with love,
 His life's great work to do.

IDA HARRELL HORNE.

GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE—NORTH
 CAROLINA.

SCENE I.—NORTH.

[*Four Girls*, with arms uplifted and extended, advance to the front of the stage. Each, at the closing word, “there!” points directly *North*. Speak slowly and distinctly.]

FIRST G. Eternal waste of ice and snow beams
 there!

Second G. The midnight sun, with lurid glow, gleams
 there!

Third G. See phantom armies of the skies clash there!

Fourth G. See cynosure for seamen's eyes flash there!

SCENE II.—CAROL.

[The same Girls sing, emphasizing *Carol* whenever it occurs. Any familiar tune.]

Carol loud, and *Carol* clear,
Carol your devotion

To the home to us so dear,
 Between the hills and ocean.
Carol loud, and *Carol* sweet,
Carol, sons and daughters!
 Fairer home no eye can greet,
 From mountains to the waters.

SCENE III.—LINE.

[Arrange a straight line of scholars in front, and a curved line behind them. Each line recites in concert.]

Straight Line. “Straight is the *line* of duty.

Curved Line. Curved is the *line* of beauty.

Straight Line. Follow the first, and thou shalt see,

Curved Line. The last will surely follow thee!”

[In reciting the third line, let the *Straight Line* march on; and in reciting the fourth, let the *Curved Line* march on and into the steps of the *Straight Line*.]

SCENE IV.—A.

[Arranged in a framed tableau, *North Carolina*, a young lady in national colors, holding a shield with the Arms of North Carolina. (See Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, page 1755.) This is covered while another girl recites:]

Ah! let me show you a lovely face!

Ah! let it speak of a brave old place!

Ah! let it tell you where Freedom woke!

Ah! let it tell you where first she spoke!

SCENE V.—NORTH CAROLINA.

[She unveils the figure. The audience look upon it as a tableau. She recites:]

Hark! the face a voice hath found!
Listen to its silver sound.

North Carolina recites:

From Mecklenburg a voice went out,
A hundred years ago—a shout
That cried, My sons are free!
The Old North State was first to take
Her stand for Right, for Freedom's sake,
Their champion to be!
“Who am I?” I display my shield;
Behold, upon its ample field
Freedom, with plenty nigh.
Follow the first, and thou shalt see,
The last will surely follow thee!
Now tell me, Who am I?

All respond: NORTH CAROLINA. [Scene closes by all the class singing joyfully and with emphasis our State song, “Ho! for Carolina,” the boys alone singing the *fourth* stanza and the girls alone singing the *fifth* stanza. The words should be uttered with distinctness and expression.]

MARY B. C. SLADE (*Adapted*).

I LIKE THE girl who will not tell
Everything she knows;
Who does not snub the other girls
Nor criticize their clothes.

PILOT MOUNTAIN.*

ALL-SHADOWING Pilot! high, lone and cold,
Thou rear'st thy form in grandeur, and the light
Which gilds thy brow at sunset, as of old,

Shall be to thee a diadem all bright,
Amid the ages distant and untold,

To guide the pilgrim's grim and failing sight
Along thy battlements. And now the sun
Goes down behind the mountains—day is gone.

'Tis night upon the Pilot! come and see

The startling of the mighty pile;
Look how the lightnings glance—and now the free
Wild winds are rushing o'er this earth-born isle,
Thrown up amid the wide and desert sea

The clouds are gathering, and no lovely smile
Of the bright stars is ours. Hark! the tone
Of the loud thunder from its flashing throne!

Night on the Pilot! From the stormy west

The clouds are mustering, and their banners gleam
In shadowy glory, and their folds are dress'd.

In the mild livery of Orion's beam.
And now each glen and lofty mountain's crest

Grow bright beneath the moon's resplendent stream
Of living radiance. Now the light is gone,
And darkness girds us with her rayless zone.

*A noted peak in Surry county.

The morn is up—the bright and dewey morn—

And darkness rolls from off the lofty pile,
And voices, deep and wild, and mountain-born,

Go up in thankfulness; for now the smile
Of day is on us; now the huntsman's horn

Winds its rich numbers through each deep defile,
Startling the eagle from his high abode
Mid the rough crags where mortal foot ne'er trod.

Journey we eastward. Hail! old Guilford, hail!

Thy soil is sacred. Thine the battle-ground
Where England's strong and haughty hosts grew pale
In victory's presence. Here the brave were crown'd
With fame immortal. Here the loudest gale
Of battle sounded, while the blue profound,
Rent with thy shouts of triumph, clear'd away,
And pour'd upon thee Freedom's perfect day.

JAMES B. SHEPARD.

WHAT I WILL DO.

YOU know a little boy like me
Can't speak like Z. B. Vance;
But you just wait awhile and see,
And give this boy a chance.

I'll learn all there is in books
And grow up quite handsome,
I will excel old Zeb in looks
And out-speak General Ransom.

N.

PATRIOTISM OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

THE great civil war has ended. Worn away by attrition, the little band that so long had kept at bay ten times their number returned to their shattered homes,

"In tattered coats of dear old gray,
In dusty, weary, worn array,
Their banners—flaunting once and gay,
Now drooping drearily."

Then came the sweetest task and noblest work of Southern womanhood. With ruined fortunes, with blackened homesteads, with oppression and misrule, and a catalogue of wrongs and ills that would have made cravens or desperadoes of an inferior race, the sublime influence of woman lifted the broken and despairing up to the heights of her own moral heroism. Taught in privation's bitter school, she shared poverty, accepted the hardest labors with a smile, and while she put on the garments of mourning for the dead, she bade the survivors quit themselves like men; she kept alive the holy fires of patriotism, she gathered the bones of the departed, and erected the cenotaphs that emblazon their achievements.

Year by year she tended with loving hands the aged fathers whose only future lies beyond the setting sun of life, where they shall rejoin their loved and lost. Year by year she taught the lisping child to mingle the name of Lee with Washington, and found the lessons of virtue in the lives of the dead we honor. Was it unyielding

heroism she would teach? She found it—Whiting amidst the battered walls of Fisher. Was it chivalry? Ashby's name rose to her lips. Was it superhuman daring? Who but Stuart of the cavalry? Was it romantic gallantry? She loved to name the boyish Pelham, with his giant's heart! Was it profound and reverent piety—she stood with awe before the sight of Jackson on bended knee in the deep silence of the night-watch before the battle morn!

If there was ever any period when the South was in danger of losing the grand individuality that is her birthright, our women have saved us—

“With hope severe, devotion high,
Unwavering hearts, unflinching eye.”

With such mothers the children will preserve the traditions of the true gentleman, in the words of Preston, his “piety, faith, honor, courage, generosity and politeness.”

Words fail to depict the grandeur of this people, if, with the opening development of our material wealth, and the dotting of our plains and mountains with new homes, and the filling of our ports with the commerce of the seas, we shall faithfully cling to the virtues that make man master of circumstances. To perpetuate the virtues of the father, is to guard the future of the children.

The day will come when the sleeping genius of the South will rule this land again—not in hatred or revenge, but by the free will and for the common good of a united country.

CLAUD B. DENSON.

THE RIVER OF KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE is a golden river—
From its source true pleasures flow:
Those who would be happy ever
Should unto its waters go.

Those who sail upon its bosom
Find more sunbeams in the way
Than if in the gloomy forest
They had loitered day by day.

Ever rippling gently onward,
'Neath a bright and cloudless sky,
To the haven it will bear us
In the joyous "by and bye."

S. M. S. ROLINSON.

B O Y S.

“BOYS will be boys," and they ought to be. "Old head on young shoulders" is usually spoken as a compliment, but it is not so regarded by the wise. Nature made the head and shoulders of the same age, and evidently designs that they shall continue so. To be precocious in any respect is to be unfortunate. Youthful prodigies in intelligence are apt to prove early and pitiful failures.

It is better to let boys *be* boys. It is the surest way to lead them to a successful and noble manhood. When boys try to be men too soon, they either spoil the work or suffer the penalty of violating nature's laws. All hasty, premature efforts involve a sacrifice of the important opportunities of preparation. It is better to learn something first. Only the rash and ignorant rush on to great undertakings before the body and mind have attained sufficient strength to win success.

But the right to be boys does not imply the right to be foolish or bad boys. To be consistent and good is quite as binding on boys as on men. Besides, it should be appreciated as soon as possible that while boyhood can and does almost absolutely determine the character of the resultant manhood, on the other hand, the manhood can never change the antecedent and forever decided boyhood. Hence it is at once a glorious privilege and a tremendous responsibility *to be a boy!*

There are some things, my young friends, that it is proper for me to urge upon your attention, without respect to what your circumstances may be. First of all, you must try to understand the meaning of *duty*, as the idea is connected with *your* life. In plain words, your duty is *what you ought to do*. Already you occupy your place in the world; and you are face to face all the time with the work you ought to perform. To fill your place properly, and to do your work well now, is just as important, to say the least, as it will be at any future period of your life. If you ask me how you are to know what your duty is, I answer that it is probable

that you can very easily, day by day, find a satisfactory reply to your question in your own thoughts and feelings. In general, I may say, do what you think and feel that it is *right and best* for you to do. If you will, I assure you that there will always be light on your path.

ADOLPHUS W. MANGUM.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently to the weeping child
Whose little heart beats wild with sorrow;
Yes, let your tones be low and mild,
And bid it hope for joy to-morrow.
Speak gently; tears will cease their flowing,
The little face with smiles be glowing.

Speak gently to the maiden fair
Who sits with wild, disheveled hair,
Mourning, with sad, despairing tone,
Hopes that are fled and friends agone—
And soon her tear-wet eye will seek thine own,
Will bless thee for thy kind and friendly tone.

Speak gently to the aged one
Whose locks are like the frosted snow;
Left in the wide, wide world, alone,
His heart is buried deep in woe.
No more you hear the bitter, friendless moan;
The old man's sorrow will be calmly borne.

Speak gently to the stranger who
Has crossed the heaving waters, blue,
Mourning his distant, cherished home,
Away across the waters' foam ;
The stranger's heart will bless thee in its woe,
The stranger's briny tears will cease their flow.

Oh ! never let a rudely spoken word
From out thy lips by mortal ear be heard.
Yea, while you sojourn in this world below,
Always speak kindly to both friend and foe ;
For by a single rash word spoken,
Hopes have been crushed, and hearts been broken.

LUCIE MAYNARD LEACH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND VIRGINIA DARE.

THE name of the City of Raleigh awakens a long train of far-reaching associations. It summons from the placid deeps of the past the memory of a grand and gallant hero, the towering shade and central figure of England's golden Elizabethian age ; it evokes, in quiet majesty, the form of SIR WALTER RALEIGH, the statesman and soldier, the sailor and courtier, the poet and philosopher, the chemist and historian, and the martyr in the cause of human freedom. On him, it was once said, the old world gazed as a star ! while from the new, where crystal cliffs of Mt. Raleigh, amid the solitudes

of arctic seas, shimmer beneath the aurora's rays, the reflection of his fame flashed back! flashed over old ocean's wrinkled wastes three centuries ago, when the keels of his intrepid fleet first cleft the inland waters of the hemisphere which we now inhabit.

Here, too, on the soil of North Carolina, he built a monument of enduring fame, for here he planted the new home of the Anglo-Saxon race; and here, among the vines and flowers of our eastern shore, where the breath of spring is filled as of old with the perfume of blossoms, and the cool forests are still made harmonious with the carols of innumerable birds, in a land whose loveliness fires the imagination and enchants the heart, he laid the foundation of a colony destined by lofty fate to imperishable renown, and gave to it, the island city of his hopes in those distant years, the glorious name which has been so often uttered here, the name of the CITY OF RALEIGH.

Let us then, for a moment, roll back the chilling tide of the fast-flowing decades, and listen, amid the rising notes of triumph over toils forgotten and sufferings ended, to the weird story of the fate of our scarce-remembered mother city. It was a lonely settlement on a wild and stormy coast, the sole habitation of civilized man from the circle of the Hesperides to the Pole. One hundred and fifty persons made up its devoted band of pioneers, who had faced the terrors of ocean, the invisible fevers of the land, the starvation of the wilderness and the implacable malice of treacherous foes; and who, finally, faced an unknown and mysterious doom, whence no record has been rescued from the tombs of eternity.

By the spell of this story the words of the historian have ever thrilled into tender and mournful harmony, for into the midst of that unhappy city there came one whose name has grown into a household word—a babe, the first sweet lily infant of our English mother, born on American soil, a heavenly gift, a merciful memory from the skies! **VIRGINIA DARE**, the first-born citizen of the first City of Raleigh, the first free-born citizen of a land consecrated to freedom forevermore!

And, therefore, may we not now, with this memory in our hearts, indulge our fancy with a dream, as all have sometimes dreamed, that if there be a tutelar divinity which guards the grove, the fountain and the hill, that surely from the balmy arc of this bright morning, somewhere among the shadows of yon floating, fleecy clouds, clothed in the thin radiance of the stars, the spirit of Virginia Dare looks down to watch o'er our second city of Sir Walter Raleigh, which is alone, since her translation to ethereal realms, the true daughter of the island city that was blessed three hundred years ago with the brightness of her natal morning! Aye, it is well thus to dream, and to believe, and to consent, in variance with the callous skepticism of the hour, to the presence of so pure, so gentle, so angelic an ideal in our homes! Virginia Dare! Virginia Dare! Virgin child of a virgin land! May thy spirit watch o'er our thresholds and guard our hearth-stones with unfaltering love!

And yet, forever, methinks, beside her form there stands another shade, dissimilar but inseparable, rising from the placid deeps of the past in serene and tranquil

majesty. It is the martyr and the babe, the statesman and the child, the poet and the angel of his song. It is the oak and the vine—the English oak and the Carolina vine—the vine whose trailing tendrils wander among the branches of our City of Oaks! It is more! It is the virgin and the hero! Oh, then let this be our prayer, that the fame of the spotless purity of Virginia Dare may remain a memento to the unsullied sweetness of the maidens of the City of Raleigh, and that the memories of Sir Walter's virtues and his achievements may stir the hearts of our young men, as with a bugle blast, to emulate the deeds of him whose name is perpetuated by the city of their nativity!

JOSEPH W. HOLDEN.

IN A DREAM.

HE lies in a sweet and placid sleep,
As bound by a magic spell;
The eyes are closed that were wónt to weep,
And the bosom so used to swell
With hidden grief, hath found relief
In the trance of that wizard spell.

The breeze is playing with tangled hair,
A smile with her parted lips,
The blood is mantling her face so fair
And pinking her fingertips,
As in a dream, with radiant gleam
From memory's cup she sips.

She sees him now where he used to stand
In the moonlight weird and sweet,
'Neath the old oak trees all gnarled and grand,
While at their loitering feet
The quivering shade the young leaves made
Mocked their hearts' trembling beat.

She hears him now as with husky voice
He tells the treasured tale;
With ill-hid joy she knows his choice,
Yet wondering, mute and pale
And on that night in dim moonlight,
He whispers the strange, sweet tale.

And in the thrill of that new-found joy
Her heart is all aflame,
While wished-for bliss without alloy
Drives far all grief and shame:
In fond surprise she opes her eyes
And finds her joys—a dream!

And oh! how sad are the wakings oft
From the dreams we have cherished long!
We cheat ourselves with whisperings soft
That life is a summer's song:
Waking at last, when life has past,
Find all our dreaming wrong!

Yet is it wrong to taste the bliss,
Though fleeting and false it seem?
Is Pleasure a sin, and joy amiss

Because 'tis a transient gleam?
Nay, bless the One who grants the boon,
To *sleep* and then to DREAM!

WILLIAM S. LACY.

REVOLUTION NOT ALWAYS REFORM.

WE have three ideas as to government presented to our minds—a government too bad for a people, a government too good, and a government as good as they can bear. Under one of these three comes every form that has been established since the foundation of society. But we need not peer far back into the uncertain history of twenty-five centuries ago. Illustrative of this same principle there are examples in modern times.

It is a fine morning in June, 1646. The sun has just risen from his gorgeous couch, and is pouring his flood of golden light over fair Britannia's land. The same rays which disperse the morning mist display alike the nodding plumes of the gay Cavalier, and the banner of the solemn Puritan inscribed with "many a holy text."

What means this battle array? Why, on the one hand do I see a serried column, with Norman blood upon their cheeks and Norman fire in their eyes, reddened by excess of wine; and on the other, a stately band, with compressed lips and knitted brows, "whose backs no foe had ever seen?" The people have risen against their king! The oppression has become intolerable, because

the government is *too bad*. The smoke of battle clears away—the shout of victory dies among the hills—the king is beheaded—and O! wonderful to tell! the government becomes intolerable, because it is *too good*.

If the people had disliked the government of Charles I., they now utterly despised that of Cromwell. The reason is obvious: the first, though bad indeed, represented them far better than the last. Scarcely had the iron grasp of the great Puritan been relaxed from the throat of the nation, when his government was broken before the wrath of the people like a reed before an autumn blast. It was found that he had brought about a *revolution*, but not a *reform*.

He had indeed removed some cancers from the body politic, but the disease, of which they were but the necessary outlets, had been left preying upon the vitals of the nation. He had but whitened the sepulcher with the purity of democracy, while the rottenness of king-craft and a state religion reeked within.

If he had cast out some devils from England's soil, legions of devils now came and occupied their places. If the name of Puritan was despised before—the name of purity, itself, now became a symbol of contempt.

No, he had made a mistake. He had attempted to force upon the people of the seventeenth century a government which the people of the nineteenth scarcely know how to appreciate. The time *may come* when the Ten Commandments may be the statute law of the land and work no oppression to any man, but it was not in Cromwell's day, nor is it yet.

Let the philanthropist of to-day remember, therefore, that *good laws* may sometimes be oppressive; that a government ought to be a growth of the necessities of a people—that it is the child of the people; and that the child is legitimate and will live to inherit its utmost prosperity only when it is the offspring of popular sentiment.

WILLIAM J. PEELE.

THE SOLDIER TRUE WHO WORE THE GRAY.

“ **W**HEN this cruel war is over”—
No, we never can forget
How our noble boys once sang it,
Ere our star in gloom had set;
And its echoes sadly linger
In the halls of memory fair,
From the past its sad notes bringing,
And the bright dreams buried there.

“ When this cruel war is over”—
Oh! our lost ones, brave and true!
By the old songs we’re reminded
Of the debt we owe to you;
And the peril, toil and danger
Met before our flag went down
Won your country’s love forever,
And a victor’s fadeless crown.

Though the “cruel war is over,”
Tender eyes are dim with tears
For a father, son or brother,
Missed from out the passing years;
And we lay the sweet spring flowers
O'er each quiet, lowly bed,
Thinking of the dear ones sleeping
With the unknown, nameless dead.

God knoweth where His own reposes—
The soldier true who wore the gray—
Though no immortelles of roses
Deck his lonely grave to-day!
Far beyond the din of battle,
Up above earth's care and pain,
There in peace and love eternal
Gray and Blue may meet again.

NARCISSA E. DAVIS.

NORTH CAROLINA AND THE UNION.

THUS far, under the blessings of Providence, amid the terrible events that ever and anon have crushed the rights of man elsewhere—amid angry storms and the wildest billows of party rage—upborne on the flood, our heaven-protected ark of freedom still floats on—and amid the tempests, at their darkest hour, there has still continued to stream from it a steady light, to cheer and gladden and encourage. And when that most terrific of

tempests shall come—(which may God in his mercy avert)—when domestic fanaticism or party madness shall rage—when the voice of patriotism shall for a moment be hushed amid the hoarse clamor of discordant factions—when the flood of fraternal strife and sectional hostility shall for a moment deluge the land—still may we not cling to the hope of the Father of his Country, that when it shall please Heaven to stay the storm, our ark may also find its sacred resting-place, and that may be on the glorious Union of the States!

But while a patriotism should be cherished, liberal enough and comprehensive enough to embrace our country, our whole country—while your young hearts should beat with proud emotions as you behold the grand yet novel spectacle of thirty-eight independent States, moving in the same orbits and encircling a common centre—I trust I may be pardoned on this occasion, in this place, at this interesting era in our State's history, to express the hope and to encourage the sentiment, that among these national planets that move thus harmoniously in a common orbit, there is one for which every bosom here should throb with peculiar affection—one that is entitled to a place in our “heart of hearts”; and that one is North Carolina! Not that I would have you love your whole country less, but North Carolina more.

And disguise it as we may—regret it as we should—yet, my friends, is there not too much of reproachful truth in the suggestion now not unfrequently uttered, that the statesmen of North Carolina, gifted as they have been, patriotic as they ever are, have done much

for the Union, but surely not much for North Carolina?—have grown pale often at the midnight lamp with anxious meditation on the affairs of the Union, but have rarely wasted or seriously impaired their mental or physical machinery in efforts to advance the prosperity and glory of their own State?—have electrified masses by their pompous eloquence on matters of federal policy, but have only ventured now and then to timidly breathe forth a half-suppressed, hesitating suggestion that perhaps something should be done to save the “good old State”; until at last, when a youth of genius and high promise starts out on his career, clad with University honors, how often do parental pride and affectionate friendship intimate that sure he will not remain here, but will seek his fortunes in some more congenial clime? This should not be so.

And the part you act in the future (which now will soon be the present with you) may have much bearing on the honor, the prosperity and reputation of your State. Study well her character—learn well her wants. Still in her past history there is not a little to excite your pride; in her present condition, much to animate and encourage. Still we may be proud that the brightest page in our national history, that recites the thrilling story of American Independence, must also tell to future generations that its birth-place was North Carolina. Still you will find that her people have one crowning virtue, called integrity, that makes them happy at home and honored abroad. Still we have fertile fields, beautiful streams, a healthful climate, and a mountain scenery

as grand and lovely as the pencil of nature hath ever sketched in any land.

And if you, who gather your earliest lessons here from her own bounty—if you be true to her, true to yourselves—you may yet do much to aid her to make a generous struggle with her proud sisters in the race; if she be not the swiftest, the gayest, and the richest, she may yet be honored and admired for her cheerful face and her sterling qualities.

JAMES C. DOBBIN.

LITTLE LOTTIE'S SPEECH.

I LIKE fresh candy, fruit and nuts,
And flowers red and blue;
And I like pretty fairy tales,
And stories that are true.

I like my doll and cradle,
I like ice in my milk;
I like new dresses, hats and shoes,
But do not care for silk.

I love my grandma and papa,
My mother up in Heaven,
And all the relatives and friends
That God to me has given.

I love God more than all the rest,—
He dwells up in the sky,
And if I'm good, I'll live there too,
With mother, when I die.

I thank Him for my earthly home,
For pleasant schoolmates, too,
For all my picture books and toys,—
And now to all adieu.

MARTHA MILLS.

A HAPPY COUNTRY.

IN the allotments of Providence we have been placed in a pleasant and beautiful country—a country washed on either hand by the waters of the circling seas, and teeming with all the elements of prosperity and power. This glorious country—this chosen seat of science and of art—this happy and peculiar residence of civil and religious liberty, has been won for us by the constancy and courage of our ancestors; it is the birth-place of blood and battle and prolonged disaster; and it is ours to defend, ours to enjoy, and ours to transmit in untarnished splendor to posterity.

We can only do this by looking back and drawing wisdom from that fountain of sacred and mighty memories which gushes from the rock upon which our government is based, and by looking forward and anticipating what our children and our children's children will expect at our hands when they shall have reached the shores of existence.

The Republics that have gone before speak to us from amid the long dark sleep of ages, and warn us to shun those breakers of licentiousness, anarchy and violence,

over which they went down in the fathomless chambers of ruin and oblivion. And if we will listen with reverence to the warnings which they utter; if we will profit by the teachings of our ancestors; if we will seek for the old paths, and when we find them walk in them; if we will put from us everything which tends to foster frivolity and pride; if, as a people, we will cherish and cultivate towards each other a spirit of kindness, forbearance and generosity; if the States will be satisfied with those powers which belong to them, and if the general Government will perform the duties its framers intended it should perform; if we will labor to disseminate the blessings of education and the lights of religion and morality among all the people; above all, if every citizen in the Republic, from the President in his palace to the day-laborer in his cottage, will execute the laws where it is his duty to execute them, and submit to the laws where it is his duty to submit; and if he will enshrine all the virtues in his heart, as he may and ought to do, and wear his titles as he now wears them, only on his brow, then may we proudly and confidently hope that the renown and the glory which burst in splendor from the darkness of the Revolution shall never die; and that the nations, as they rise and fall, and all the generations yet to be, as they come up and sweep onward to the shores of the untrodden world, may behold no land more free, more prosperous or more glorious than this, our own beloved, independent America.

WILLIAM W. HOLDEN.

THE ROSE-BUD OF NORTH CAROLINA.

WOULD you gather a garland of beauty bright?
You should wander at dawn or by pale moonlight,
While the breeze is fresh on the opening flowers,
Or their leaves are moist with the dewey showers;
One Rose you should gather, and gladly entwine her,
The soft-opening Rose-bud of North Carolina.

Nay, go where you will, over mountain or plain,
In country or city where gay fashions reign,
Wherever Columbia's daughters are found,
Fair blossoms of beauty are scattered around,
But yet there is one, among all much finer,
The fresh-blooming Rose-bud of North Carolina.

In gay, festive halls, where the music is sweet,
And beauties, like blossoms, in fresh garlands meet,
Where light, like a flood, is poured over the scene,
And fragrance floats round, as where roses have been;
The chief place of all, every eye will assign her,
The beautiful Rose-bud of North Carolina.

In home's quiet scene, where the heart loves to dwell,
'Mid joys that no tongue to a stranger can tell,
Whatever the life you are destined to live,
One blossom is needed, her fragrance to give;
Go gather that blossom, and never resign her,
The sweet, gentle Rose-bud of North Carolina.

When sickness and sorrow shall visit your home,
Sad guests, though unbidden, that surely will come,
To have by your pillow a blossom like this
Will make e'en your death-bed a region of bliss;
Her presence makes the soul each moment diviner,—
The pale drooping Rose-bud of North Carolina.

ROBERT STRANGE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A MERICAN government and society are yet far from reaching perfection in their details. There is abundant need of correction both in manners and morals; but our system, with all its faults, is a thousand-fold better than any monarchy ever seen in the world. Misguided men are sometimes heard advocating a return to such a rule as that from which our forefathers emigrated. They vainly imagine it would prove a panacea for those ills we see so abundantly growing out of sectional and party hatred.

Let such a man think for a moment of how King James I. requited the great services of Sir Walter Raleigh, and blush for his folly. The human race seemed to have culminated, in that immortal era, in glorious adventure and audacity of speculation. It was the crowning epoch of advancement; but amid its genius, pageantry and upheaval, no figure of all that splendid throng of illustrious men and women surpasses the interest attaching to the chivalrous, patriotic and unfortunate Walter Raleigh.

He was only an English gentleman, but in his heroic life became more variously distinguished than any man of whom history makes mention. To his far-seeing sagacity England is indebted for the inauguration of the policy which has resulted in her present empire. He had served as a soldier for ten years in three different kingdoms, and to his counsels turned the intrepid Elizabeth when the British Channel was darkened with the great Armada and danger had become supreme.

He won renown at Cadiz and elsewhere as a naval commander, and he was for years a leading member of the House of Commons. Sir Walter Raleigh was a statesman in the noblest sense of the word. If he plundered the Spaniards, he did so because he knew the wily Philip was slowly maturing plans for the destruction of all that he held dear. Not one of the great men in the stately court of Elizabeth surpassed him in ability or in the splendor of his presence. As a gallant and courtier, he was equally conspicuous. He is still remembered as a poet and wit, who could preside at the Mermaid and hold his own amid the sallies of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Surry and others, who are yet unsurpassed in the annals of revelry.

As a man of learning, he was profoundly respected by Lord Bacon, and when his career seemed closed by his long imprisonment, he still rose superior to fortune and gained fresh fame in his compilation of a history of the world. With such varied endowments was his crowning glory of personal integrity. He was never false to a friend or for a moment wavering in his love to the land of his birth.

Raleigh, upon his return from the civil wars in France, began the undertaking as to colonization, in which he was to persist as long as he lived. Speculation is staggered when the attempt is made to trace the effects flowing from this single scheme of one great mind. Longer delay might easily have resulted in the complete exclusion of British settlements from all the American continent.

JOHN W. MOORE.

A CORN SPEECH.

I WAS made to be eaten,
I And not to be drank ;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing
When put in a mill ;
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves
And your children are fed,
But if into drink,
I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant
The eater shall rule ;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning,
My strength I'll employ,
If eaten to strengthen,
If drank to destroy.

ANON.

AMERICA'S GREATNESS.

LET us turn to a bright picture, and view America shining forth as the brightest gem in the coronet of nations. She has established the falsity of the many-tongued slander that a country in which laws are made and rulers are chosen by the people to be governed cannot stand, guarantees by her prosperity the stability of Republican forms of government, and demonstrates the truth of the cherished theory of our greatest statesmen that no one is better qualified to hold the reins of government than he who has felt the bit.

Carefully guard and protect her, my countrymen! and see to it that no internal jealousies or strifes mar her prosperity. She has been torn asunder once by civil discord, when the swords of brothers were crossed to determine the right of States to exercise the power which, in the Declaration of Independence, was held to be a self-evident truth. The successful opposition to those who denied this doctrine, and thereby nullified that part of the great Declaration of Rights, has forever set at rest the idea of secession, and I believe that all who can look calmly and dispassionately at the result will rejoice

with me at the event. Sincere in our aims and high-minded as to our principles, no one, not even our bitterest enemies and defamers, will dare to question the purity of the motives or the honesty of purpose with which we engaged in the struggle.

If the right to secede had been established, then every bond of union would have been severed. Then every State might have been a little nation, jealous of its neighbors and anxious to strengthen itself by foreign alliances against its former friends, and we might bid farewell to fraternal affection, unsuspecting intercourse and mutual participation in commerce and citizenship, and the lustre which attaches to our land by reason of its compactness and strength would be as the dust of the diamond to a large and brilliant stone.

Reflect, then, how many and weighty are the considerations that advise and persuade us to remain in the safe and easy path of the Union; to continue to move and act as a federation of brothers, and to have confidence in ourselves and in one another.

Let, then, those who wore the gray and fought for her dismemberment take the loyal hand of those who donned the blue, and, wiping out all memories of the past, press forward to the common goal of greatness, and in the future be one people, speaking one language, with one aim, one God and one country.

EDWARD C. SMITH.

WASHINGTON fought the British, Franklin flew the kite,
But both would be skittish to speak to you to-night.

RETROSPECTION.

THE wanderer from his childhood's home
Looks back upon it with a tear,
And feels wherever he may roam,
Affection still will linger there.

So do we often look behind
To catch a view of other days,
There visions fading from the mind,
Are golden still with memory's rays.

Like some far-sweeping wave that flows
Where light and shade alternate play,
While shadows flit and sunshine glows,
It darkens, gleams, then melts away.

So rolls the changing tide of life
That strands upon the distant past,
With mingled joys and sorrows rife
Its changeful bosom fades at last.

The soft, enchanting strains of song
That sweep the zephyr harps of night
Grow sweeter as they float along
And die in echoes of delight:

So comes the voice of other years,
Stealing from Youth's decaying bowers,
And pleasure smiles thro' sorrow's tears
When memory wields her magic powers.

THOMAS G. LOWE.

THE UNION INVALUABLE.

CALCULATE the value of this Union! Who can do it? What mind can fully comprehend the inquiry? What intellect can grasp the theme? Who can estimate the good which it has already accomplished? Who can foresee—who foretell the evils that will follow its dissolution? Stretching from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; throwing its mighty arms from the frozen regions of the North to the sunny climes of the South; with a soil as rich and varied as the sun in his course ever shines upon; with a population of fifty millions of souls, prosperous, happy, enterprising, sending up their songs of praise to the Almighty Disposer of events for the great blessings they enjoy; with a commerce whitening every sea, and carrying the fruits of civilization into every land; with a government which, for safeguards for human freedom, surpasses all that ever entered into the imagination of a Plato or Harrington, thus standing out before the world a great, free, united nation, a bright and shining light to the down-trodden, a terror to tyrants and oppressors:—If this light be extinguished; if this planet shoot madly from its sphere and dart into the black abyss of anarchy and civil blood-shed, where, where again will man look for hope? What other star of freedom will pierce the darkness?

Calculate the value of this Union—the worth of our glorious Constitution! More than a century has elapsed since North Carolina came into this Union—since she

put her seal to that Constitution. Two years she reflected before the step was taken. She reflected long and well. She came in. She signed the great indenture. She affixed to it the signet of her sovereignty. It was her own voluntary act. Up to this hour she has performed faithfully, and with true and patriotic heart, all its obligations. She expects still to perform them. She will never deny her signature or repudiate her seal. She desires to be true to the plighted faith to her sisters. She demands of them to be true to their pledges—to their obligations. If they are thus true, she will stand with them upon the battlements of this Union; and though they may rock and totter beneath the attacks of enemies, she will never leap cowardly from them, but, clinging the firmer to her high position, hand in hand with those sisters, she will bid defiance to the assaults of fanaticism from within and tyranny from without.

If dangers threaten, if perils come, may she cling to that Constitution—the bark which carried our fathers through the perilous waves of anarchy—and however portentous the coming storm, may she lash herself to it; and, if destined at last to go down, I pray God that she may go down with a bold and true heart—untainted with treachery, and with garments unsullied by treason!

HENRY W. MILLER.

THE LITTLE boys who will not keep
Their hands and faces clean,
Cannot attend a school like this,
Nor on the stage be seen.

WHAT I SHALL BE.

A RECITATION FOR VERY LITTLE BOYS.

ALL IN CONCERT.

WE'LL tell you now what we will be
When books aside are laid;
Please listen well and you'll agree
Each choice is wisely made.

FIRST BOY.

A *Farmer's* life is the one for me,—
So happy all his days;
He sells his cotton for seven cents,
Which costs fifteen to raise.

SECOND BOY.

I'll be a thing which is well known,—
Please do not think me rude—
But if I ever do get grown
I'm bound to be a *Dude*.

THIRD BOY.

I'll be an *Agricultural man*,
With glasses on my nose;
Who, though he never plants a seed,
Can tell just how it grows.

FOURTH BOY.

When I get to be a man
I will live at my ease;
I'll study *Law*, and jaw, and jaw,
And gobble up the fees.

FIFTH BOY.

I want to be a *Teacher*,
 And fill my head with knowledge;
 And when its nearly full, you know,
 I'm going to _____* College.

SIXTH BOY.

I'm going to be a *Doctor* man,
 With powders, knife and pill;
 I'll cure the folks, I know I can,
 (Unless they should be ill.)

SEVENTH BOY.

I'll be a *Merchant*, with a store
 Filled with sweets which delight;
 When trade is dull I'll lock my door
 And eat my profits out of sight.

EIGHTH BOY.

I'll be a *Sailor*, bold and free,
 As we read of in tales;
 When all is fair I'll be at sea,
 But always home in gales.

NINTH BOY.

A *Carpenter* I think I'll be,
 And build the houses grand;
 My work will be as good, you'll see,
 As any in the land.

* Supply any name desired.

TENTH BOY.

In *Politics* my life I'll spend,
And reach the greatest fame;
Will promise much to every friend,
But fool them all the same.

ALL IN CONCERT.

Now we've told you what we'll be,—
When older we may find
These things are not as we now see,
And then we'll change our mind.

H.

THE TRUE MISSION OF WOMAN.

IT seems strange that the world has not yet found out the uses of woman. Nearly six thousand years ago Eve was created and given to Adam for "an help, meet for him"; but if Adam understood her position, and her duties and privileges, he failed to impart the knowledge to his descendants.

Till the coming of Christ, woman was a slave; and since his day she is still, in most countries, regarded as a sort of beast of burden,—as a pretty, animated toy, without an immortal soul, or as the mere creature of passion and whim. In Christian countries her nature has been better understood; and in these she has been made the subject of education and moral instruction. In them she has made rapid advances in the scale of being;

and the danger now is that the spirit of reform may advance too far and annihilate all social and political distinctions between the sexes.

She was made for an help, meet for man; that is the language of the Scripture—language which all misquote, and which few have understood. What sort of a help would be meet or proper for man, suitable to his condition here? All the labors of this world are dual, consisting of two parts: there are two kinds of manual labor, two kinds of moral, and two kinds of intellectual labor, each necessary to the success of the other, and to the harmony and well-being of the world.

In the woods and fields, on the waters, in the shops, and in the mines, man was doomed to labor and earn his living by the sweat of his brow; and he was fitted for this by his strength, activity, courage, and hardihood. But his labors in these departments will not, by themselves, insure comfort; for he has to be clothed, to eat food which has been cooked and dressed, and to live in houses.

In the house, therefore, is another field of manual labor; a little world, requiring more taste, tact, and delicacy, patience and moral courage, but less strength, and a constitution not so robust as are demanded by the tasks out of doors. For this sphere of action was woman constitutionally adapted; and we have but to look at her frame, and observe her instincts, to be at once convinced of this.

Woman is also the moral guide and instructor of one-half of the race; and her moral tasks are even more

responsible and grave than those of the other sex. She writes the first lessons on the human mind; she shapes the character of the man and woman, and starts him and her on a career that will lead to honor or shame, to happiness or destruction. And that she might perform these tasks—that she might be content with these manual, moral, and political labors, and not desire to usurp the place of man, God has endowed her with intellect like man, and with an immortal soul like his, but with more active sympathies, more delicate sensibilities, more timidity and modesty, more tenderness, and a milder disposition, but with quicker perceptions, stronger instincts, and a more confiding nature.

Her person is fairer than man's and while it is not so robust, it is better suited to delicate handiwork; and so her mind, though not capable of continued, laborious application to one subject, nor adapted to bloody adventures or complicated calculations, is better suited than that of man's to the nice arrangement of domestic matters, to the knowledge of youthful wants and necessities, to soothe, soften, and subdue, to love the natures of old and young. Thus has nature fashioned woman; and if we take nature for our guide, can we mistake woman's mission, or fail to understand and appreciate the principles on which her education should be conducted?

She is to be properly fitted, by education, for the field wherein God designed her to labor and be useful: her person is to be made more fair, her heart more pure, her mind expanded and adorned with useful studies. She was sent to adorn as well as moralize the world; and

whatsoever tends to the real improvement of her personal charms should not be neglected.

But she was not sent merely to be looked at and admired; and those girls who are persuaded into the belief that they are angels or deities will soon find themselves aliens in society, disconnected with the web of human joys and sympathies, a burden to themselves, disgusting to the real angels, discontented, impracticable, unhappy, and everywhere out of place.

The proper arrangement of household matters requires a cultivated taste and a mind which has kept pace with all the improvements of civilization. These matters can be so ordered as to make everything beauty to the eye and music to the ear; to afford pleasure through all the senses, and to amuse, delight, and instruct the mind, and invigorate, purify, and develop the heart and its best and holiest affections. It is easy to fancy such a household—a little world of beauty and comfort, over whose harmonious evolutions presides that genius of modern times, that product of the Christian religion, benignant and intelligent woman, the central sun of a truly happy home, irradiated with her smile, warmed with her love, and governed by her intelligence.

CALVIN H. WILEY.

YOU THINK that little girls are sweet
When in a happy mood;
If that is true we'll try to keep
Always happy and good.

HO! FOR CAROLINA!

LET no heart in sorrow weep for other days;
Let no idle dreamer tell in melting lays
Of the merry meetings in the rosy bowers;
For there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.

CHORUS.

Ho! for Carolina! that's the land for me;
In her happy borders roam the brave and free;
And her bright-eyed daughters, none can fairer be;
Oh! it is the land of love, and sweet Liberty.

Down in Carolina grows the lofty pine,
And her groves and forests bear the scented vine;
Here are peaceful homes, too, nestling 'mid the flowers,—
Oh! there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.

Ho! for Carolina! &c.

Come to Carolina in the summer time,
When the luscious fruits are hanging in their prime,
And the maidens singing in the leafy bowers;
Oh! there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.

Ho! for Carolina! &c.

All her girls are charming, graceful, too, and gay,
Happy as the blue-birds in the month of May;
And they steal your heart, too, by their magic powers,—
Oh! there are no girls on earth that can compare with ours.

Ho! for Carolina! &c.

And her sons so true, in “warp and woof,” and “grain,”
First to shed their blood on Freedom’s battle-plain;
And the first to hail, from sea to mountain bowers,
Strangers from all other lands to this fair land of ours.

Ho! for Carolina! &c.

Then, for Carolina, brave, and free, and strong,
Sound the meed of praises “in story and in song”
From her fertile vales and lofty granite towers,—
For there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.

Ho! for Carolina! &c.

WILLIAM B. HARRELL.

STATE PRIDE.

STATE pride is an active desire to see our immediate country prosperous and happy. It has its origin in that love for the land of our birth which is one of the strongest instincts of our nature, and incites nobler actions and induces greater sacrifices than any other impulse of man’s bosom. Love of birth-place and home is developed simultaneously with those warm affections for parents, brothers, friends, that exist around the family hearth, and which, if cultivated, cluster ever after about the human heart.

As association expands the scope of affection, this feeling extends to the social system around us, and is gradually enlarged until it comprises within its devotion the entire government of the country we inhabit.

No government has ever retained the allegiance of its citizens where this sentiment has languished; and no country has flourished where it was not taught as a principle, cherished as a passion, and made subordinate only to religion, in the ardor with which it glowed in the bosom of the people. But the force and efficiency of this feeling, in controlling our actions, stimulating high resolves, and securing the sacrifice of individual interest to the public good, depends upon the extent of the area of its operation. And in order to make it active, effective, and self-sacrificing—I speak with reference to the public weal—that area should be circumscribed by fixed and definite boundaries, and must not be too extensive; for each successive enlargement of the circle of its sympathy weakens its intensity, precisely as our affection for family, relative, friend, countryman, becomes less ardent as it diverges from the principal focus of concentration.

The division of the vast territory of our Republic into States, with known and fixed boundaries, and having the entire control of their own internal police and government, thereby concentrating the actions, thoughts, and affections of their people, while it constitutes the strength and beauty of our political system, is likewise the chief element of the prosperity of our Republic.

As liberal competition between individuals, in the race for honorable distinction, is the greatest incentive to success, so does the generous rivalry among the members of our family of States, in their contest for pre-eminence in improving and ameliorating the condition of their

people, insure to each greater progress in the march of improvement; and the aggregate of character and prosperity thus attained by the several States imparts to the Republic the glory and grandeur of its national character.

Much of the well-merited renown acquired by our arms upon the plains of Mexico may be ascribed to the noble emulation which was excited in the bosoms of the several corps of patriotic soldiers, representing the different States of the Union. Marching under a banner clothed in the emblems and inscribed with the motto of his State, each citizen-soldier approached the field of battle proudly conscious that her honor and character were confided to his keeping; and, as he beheld his brethren from the other States unfurling their respective banners, and marshalling themselves beneath their folds, he resolved, with a hero's spirit, that the flag of his native State should be foremost in the van, while a single hand was left to carry and defend it.

Thus inspired, the citizen-soldier of America has proved himself invincible. And if the same noble spirit of emulation, existing and operating in the civil departments of life, would animate and direct the people of all the States in this Union, what limit could human prophecy affix to their intellectual, social, political, and moral advancement! Would to God that our beloved State thrilled from centre to circumference with the inspiration of this spirit!

W. W. AVERY.

THE REASON WHY.

I AM but a little boy,
Scarcely eight years old,
But I give my teacher joy
In doing as I'm told.

I know all my A, B, C's,
Have just begun to spell;
And pretty soon I'll read with ease
And learn my lessons well.

I'm proud of the Old North State,
I'm proud of our dear school,
And that's why I am never late,
And never break a rule.

N.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ROME, once the citadel of the earth, the terror of kings, now fallen, now defaced, still nourishes for the arts those talents by which patriotism and republican virtue are honored and recorded in the new world. Thus it is that Providence, in His wise and mysterious dispensations, makes even degenerate nations the instruments of preserving that holy reverence for the rights of humanity, which must ultimately issue in the establishment of the liberties of the world. The country of

Phocion and Leonidas may again be free; and some future Phidias, catching inspiration from the sublime ruins around him, may make the marble tell to posterity the heroic actions of his cotemporaries.

America may justly glory in her Washington, the founder of her liberty, the friend of man. History and tradition are explored in vain for a parallel to his character: in other illustrious men each possessed some shining quality that was the foundation of his fame; in Washington all the virtues were united—force of body, vigor of mind, ardent patriotism, contempt for riches, gentleness of disposition, courage and conduct in war.

In the annals of modern greatness he stands alone, and the noblest names of antiquity lose their lustre in his presence. Born the benefactor of mankind, he united all the qualities necessary to an illustrious career; nature made him great; he made himself virtuous. Called by his country to the defence of her liberties, he triumphantly vindicated the rights of man, and laid in the principle of freedom the foundation of a great Republic. Twice invested with the supreme magistracy by the unanimous voice of a free people, he surpassed in the Cabinet the glories of the field, and voluntarily resigning the sceptre of the sword, retired to the shades of private life.

A spectacle so new and so sublime was contemplated with the profoundest admiration, and the name of Washington, adding new lustre to humanity, resounded to the remotest regions of the earth. Magnanimous in youth, glorious through life, great in death; his highest ambi-

tion the happiness of mankind; his noblest victory the conquest of himself; bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame, and building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen, he lived the ornament of the eighteenth century, and died regretted by a mourning world.

WILLIAM POLK.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

I KNEW a widow very poor,
Who four small children had;
The oldest was but six years old—
A gentle, modest lad.
And very hard this widow toiled
To feed her children four;
An honest pride the woman felt,
Though she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home—
For children must be fed;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.
And this was all the children had
On any day to eat;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home;
'Twas searched by every breeze;
When going in, the eldest child
I saw upon its knees.

I paused to listen to the boy—
He never raised his head:
But still went on and said—"Give us
This day our daily bread."
I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed—
And when he rose, I asked him why
The Lord's Prayer he had said?

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning, when
Our mother went away,
She wept because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.
She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead;
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.

"'Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,
Which made me think that he,
As we have got no father here,
Would our kind father be.
And you know the prayer, sir, too,
Asks God for bread each day;
So in the corner, sir, I went
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet;
And very soon was back again
With food enough to eat.
"I thought God heard me," said the boy;
I answered with a nod—
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that child's faith in God.

FRANCIS L. HAWKS.

OUR STATE'S PURE RECORD.

NORTH CAROLINA has ever been slow to change her convictions. Her people have been uniformly loyal to what they held as the truth. Blandishments, threats and bloodshed have been unavailing to disturb that patient and abiding determination which has always marked her course in public affairs. This noble and resolute purpose of deliberation has made the State a frequent mark for the witlings of other commonwealths. While all have been free to confess that she was loyal and true, yet men are found who complain that she is slow in her movements and call her the "Rip Van Winkle of States." We can smile at the imputation and pardon all the sallies of impatient rashness.

A people who love justice and mercy, and who have been at all times of their history willing to die in defence of their liberties, can with all propriety be careful in

departing from things which have been sanctioned by the wisdom and experience of the past. In the centuries behind us a singular devotion to truth and equity has ever marked and ennobled our annals. What America has been to Europe, North Carolina has ever been to America.

No language can express the pride which should fill the souls of this generation for the simplicity and fortitude of their predecessors who for two centuries have dwelt in and immortalized our State. This people have been very quiet and slow to anger, but multitudes yet remember the great host of soldiers sent out to uphold what North Carolina believed was right and proper. It will never be forgotten how undauntedly her troops descended to the harvest of death.

In all those years when victories came so full and fast, upon each of those stricken fields, wherever heroes lay thickest, there, outnumbering those of any other State, were always to be found the mangled forms of our own North Carolina dead. There was scarcely a conflict in all those years that was not illustrated by the obedience and valor of our troops.

Not in arms alone has our Commonwealth grown illustrious. The genius and spirit of her sons have made her as majestic in counsel as she has been effective in the field, and yet the Hotspurs would call her slow. Alas, how easy it is for haste, conceit and improvidence to utter this poor criticism on the movements of true wisdom.

North Carolina was never slow when upon celerity of

movement depended the vindication of her honor. She has never paused to take counsel of her fears when danger was near. In all her history her conduct has been just the reverse. The first blood shed in America to resist British tyranny was at the battle of Alamance. Six years earlier, John Ashe, Speaker of the Assembly, had headed the people in armed resistance to the issuing of the government stamps.

The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, May 20th, 1775, was far from being slow, as was the determination of the Provincial Congress at Halifax, April 13th, 1776. Whatever may have been her deliberation in 1861, the first Confederate blood shed was that of a North Carolinian, when at Big Bethel her troops met the first Federal advance.

North Carolina was never slow but in that weighty deliberation which is often the evidence of highest wisdom. She is very slow to forget her compacts and was never swift to recall her plighted faith. She can nobly bear with the haste and imprudence of sister commonwealths, but it is to be hoped will ever stop to ponder and conciliate before hope has fled and delay ceased to be a virtue. It is not to be denied that she has ever manifested a proper appreciation of the blessings she has enjoyed. She has been very slow to destroy institutions sanctified by the prayers, labor and blood of her long-buried and illustrious dead.

Haste and passion in others have often pained our people, but have never disturbed their determination to effect by reason and comity that which becomes impos-

sible in the brutal arbitrament of arms. No ruined States, like avenging Banquos, can point to the folly of North Carolina as the source of their misfortunes. She has gone on her way as stately in counsel as intrepid in action.

Others are loud and boastful while danger is yet afar; the Old North State becomes sublime when her heavens are overcast and exulting foes are trampling her prostrate form. She never cried craven when Lord Cornwallis was in her high places, nor have the agony, blood and ruin of later years driven her to dishonor or taken from her keeping the lofty boon of self-respect.

JOHN W. MOORE.

CAROLINA, OUR PRIDE.

CAROLINA, the pride of my bosom,
Carolina, the land of the free,
Carolina, the land of my fathers,
Carolina, my song is of thee.
From Mitchell, the pride of the mountains,
To Hatteras, the dread of the sea,
The sunshine of liberty gladdens
And tyranny trembles at thee.

Her honor is high as the summit
Of Mitchell, her loftiest peak,
Her vigor is that of the Roman,
Her spirit is that of the Greek.

Her daughters are bright as the sunshine
That lightens the hills of the west,
And fair as the rose of the valley
That blushes and blooms on her breast.

On her vine-clad sands of the ocean,
Where Manteo greeted the whites,
Was laid the first arches of empire
And freedom looked down from its heights.
She felt the first tread of the Angle
And Saxon to people this land,
Tho' rude was the welcome she gave them,
And rough the fierce gale on her strand.

What tho' the grim hand of disaster
Swept over the island and sea;
There's ever a charm in the story
That tells of a RALEIGH to me.
In mystery deep and unfathomed
And dark as the depths of the sea,
More mute than the symbols of Egypt
Is "Croatan" carved on a tree.

On her shore by the sweep of the billow,
Where the sea gulls mingle their cries,
The babe of the Angle and Saxon
First opened her innocent eyes,
And saw the foundations of empire,
Surpassing the grandeur of Rome,
Now spanned by arches of glory,
A wonder for ages to come.

Away with the ruthless insulter
Her honor would sully and stain ;
The stone that the builders rejected
Is the beauty and strength of her fame.
She was first in the battle for freedom,
First to close tyranny's gates,
First in the heart of her children,
A pillar of cloud in the States.

From the lakes of the North she has battled
Wherever her captains have led ;
To the gates of the Montezumas,
She numbers by thousands her dead.
Sublime as her martial glory
She asks an unending release,
That the shouts of her soldiers forever
Be hushed in the anthems of peace.

The east and the west are united
By bands of iron and steel,
And doctors of progress, excited,
Her pulse is beginning to feel.
Hamlets are springing like magic,
The deserts beginning to bloom,
The "strip of land south of Virginia"
Is humming with spindle and loom.

Then forward and upward our motto,
And never look backward nor stop,
The base of the summit tho' crowded
Is never so full at the top.

Hurrah ! Carolina, forever,
A glorious destiny waits
Carolina, the cradle of freedom,
The noblest of all the great States.

THOMAS W. HARRINGTON.

LANGUAGE.

WE are accustomed to regard reason and religion as God's greatest and best gifts to man, but Sir Isaac Newton has said: "God gave to man reason and religion by giving to him speech." This statement appears more than a paradox, and yet it is true, for what were reason and religion to the human race without language? How otherwise could these precious gifts be disseminated and preserved and their blessings enjoyed?

What were swelling thoughts and mighty emotions in the human soul without the power of utterance? One might be in intellect "angel bright," and in affections "angel lovely," but without speech the exercise of that intellect and those affections would be but the workings of a soul in solitary and miserable thraldom.

Speech is the deliverer of the imprisoned soul. It opens the portals of the heart and invites thought and emotion forth into light and liberty. As another has beautifully said: "Words reaching from the speaker's tongue to the listener's ear are the links of that golden chain upon which thought flies from mind to mind, and feeling from heart to heart."

Speech, however, derives its most permanent value from its written exponent. The achievements of the past, the wisdom, wit and beauty of other days would have remained buried in the tomb of the Capulets forever had not

“Letters evoked their ghosts,
And kept the pale embodied shades
From fleshless lips to warn us.”

A man's heart may be like a live engine, booming up and down with great thoughts and stirring emotions, and utterance, too, he may find, distinct and bold and eloquent—“alternately gentle as the dews and terrible as the storm”; he may sway the multitude as do the winds of autumn the ripened harvest-field, and yet without the aid of letters all this power must die with the individual, or be but faintly transmitted to future generations, at last to fade from the memory of man, or be confounded with foolish fables.

But let these same thoughts be pictured in written characters and they shall be immortal, proving the germ in the mind of after ages to bear many glorious harvests of new thoughts and noble emotions.

“The voice flies from the lips,” says Fowler, “to mingle with the winds—to be lost without an echo to the thought with which it was laden, but when that thought is written down it may continue sounding on as from a trumpet-tongue, speaking still, like Homer, to the great heart of humanity, or like Paul, to the conscience of all time.”

THOMAS H. PRITCHARD.

THE STAR ABOVE THE MANGER.

"And lo, the star which they saw in the East, went before them till it came and stood over where the child was!" Matthew, vii: 9.

ONE night, while lowly shepherd swains
Their fleecy charge attended,

A light shone o'er Judea's plains
Unutterably splendid.

Far in the dusky Orient,
A star, unknown in story,
Arose to flood the firmament,
With more than morning glory.

The clustering constellations, erst
So gloriously gleaming,
Waned, when its sudden splendor burst
Upon their paler beaming:

And Heaven drew nearer Earth that night,—
Flung wide its pearly portals—
Sent forth, from all its realms of light,
Its radiant immortals:

They hovered in the golden air,
Their golden censers swinging,
And woke the drowsy shepherds there
With their seraphic singing.

Yet Earth, on this her gala night,
No jubilee was keeping;
She lay, unconscious of the light,
In silent beauty sleeping,—

She lay entranced, her Ethiop breast,
So long with anguish heaving,
The earnest of eternal rest,—
The Christ of God receiving.

No more shall brightest cherubim,
And stateliest archangels,
Symphonious, sing such choral hymn,—
Proclaim so sweet evangels:

No more appear that star at eve,
Though glimpses of its glory
Are seen by those who still believe
The shepherds' simple story.

In Faith's clear firmament afar,—
To Unbelief a stranger,—
Forever glows the golden star
That stood above the manger.

Age after age may roll away,
But on Time's rapid river
The light of its celestial ray
Shall never cease to quiver.

Frail barges, on the swelling tide,
Are drifting with the ages;
The skies grow dark,—around each bark
A howling tempest rages!

Pale with affright, lost helmsmen steer,
While creaking timbers shiver;
The breakers roar,—grim Death is near,—
O who may now deliver!

Light,—light from the Heraldic Star
Breaks brightly o'er the billow;
The storm, rebuked, is fled afar,
The pilgrim seeks his pillow.

* * * * *

Lost,—lost, indeed, his heart must be,—
His way how dark with danger,—
Whose hooded eye may never see
The Star above the Manger!

THEOPHILUS H. HILL.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

ONE of the most curious and interesting speculations in which a man can engage is the attempt to trace cause and effect, or the dependence of one event upon another in the history of our race, as well as in the operations of the material world. In crossing the Blue Ridge into the mountains of our State, the traveler will pass, and, if he is wise, quench his thirst, at two springs near the very summit. The waters of one flow towards the rising sun, and, after a journey of many hundreds of miles, swelling by the way into a great river, empty into the Atlantic Ocean. The other, not a hundred yards distant, flows towards the setting sun, and, becoming a still mightier river, pours its floods into the Gulf of Mexico, two thousand miles distant from the place where the other meets the sea. The mere accident of three

hundred feet of difference at the starting point produces this wide divergence, and causes their waters to fertilize different lands and nourish different peoples.

A single seed cast by accident from the waves of the sea upon the sands of the shore takes root, grows and matures, and introduces a new food or beauteous plant upon a whole continent. A train of emigrant men, women and children is slowly making its way through the wilderness,—a little child becoming sick, the party halts at a convenient fountain by the wayside to wait for its recovery; but the waters are so sweet, the forest so fair, the climate so delightful, that they stop permanently,—they pitch their tents to strike them no more; and so great cities are begun. The beginnings of all great things have necessarily been small.

It has been said that motion is the law of life. Our solid globe rests not one moment, but is in constant, rapid motion. The sun itself, the centre of our system, makes its great journey among the stars. The wavelets occasioned by the dropping of a pebble in the sea, it is said, continue their motion forever, and the air which was moved by the voices of our first parents in the garden has not ceased to vibrate through space. So, happily, it is in the moral world. One good seed sown in the fertile soil of the human heart will grow, mature and bear fruit forever. Good deeds, good words, good teachings are never lost—God will not permit them to perish,—but they multiply, some forty, some sixty, some a hundredfold to the end of time.

Beginning with the single home of the educated wo-

man, count the influence she exerts upon the members of her own family, multiply that by their influence upon their families, multiply that again by their influence upon the families of those with whom they come in contact, and so on by the wonderful powers of arithmetical progression, and you will see how it widens and expands as it goes, until the influence,—the blessed, leavening influence, like the Homeric ocean on the shield of Achilles, surrounds and envelopes the whole stratum of our society !

Z. B. VANCE.

THE ALABAMA.

FAR away in foreign waters
There was vengeance in the name,
And terror to the trader
In the ALABAMA's fame :
Far beneath the Southern heavens,
And beneath the Northern stars,
Did she bear unblenched the honors
Of the Banner of the Bars !

Where the bright sea of the Tropics
Lay a sheen of burning gold,
Where the icebergs of the Arctics
Gleamed amid the frigid cold,
Where the coral islands clustered
In the purple Indian calm,
Where the Mexic mountains bore aloft
Their coronals of palm :

Where the Afric headlands towered
O'er the ocean's broad expanse,
Where the laughing southern waters kissed
The sunny plains of France,
Where'er a Union vessel
Spread her canvas to the breeze,
She did well to watch the coming
Of the Ranger of the Seas !

She did well to read the warning
Of the wrecks upon her path,
Of the burning glow that lit the sky
In sudden sign of wrath :
She did well to reef her outspread sails
And yield the hopeless fight,
When the staunchest rover of the sea
Came bearing into sight !

Long as the Southern heart shall thrill
To deeds of deathless fame,
So long shall live, in tale and song,
The ALABAMA'S name :
Long shall the story still be told
Of how she swept the seas,
And flung the starlight of our flag
To every ocean breeze !

And honored long the Lion Heart
That o'er her held command,
All honor to the dauntless breast,
And ever fearless hand !

Thrice honored, too, the sword that rests
A thousand fathoms deep,*
Where surges foam and waters—
And winds above it sweep!

Like a hero clad in armor,
True to the very last,
The ALABAMA died no death
That could disgrace her past !
The free child of the waters,
She sank beneath the wave,
And, with her flag still flying, found
An unpolluted grave.

CHRISTIAN REID.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

A WOMAN is weak when compared with the ro-buster build of man. But it is not the weakness of inferiority. Her Magna Charta in the story of the creation declares her essential equality with the man. She is the weaker of the two because her place in life requires the greater delicacy and refinement of organization. She is weaker than man just as the lovely stone tracery of a Gothic portal needs to be weaker than the heavy stone buttress beside it. It would not fill its place in the structure if it were equally heavy and strong.

* Every one who has ever read "Service Afloat"—and every Southerner should read it—will remember how Admiral Semmes cast his sword into the sea.

The question is sometimes asked, why teach girls more than reading, writing and arithmetic? Why trouble them with higher mathematics and Latin and mental philosophy and the like? What good can these things do them in the domestic sphere? I answer, these and other studies, pursued aright, are to do the same for women which they do for men. They are to teach them to think. They need this intellectual discipline even more than men do. A man learns much in the rough and tumble of life,—much that makes him thoughtful, even though his educational opportunities have been very limited. A woman in her more secluded sphere has less opportunity of learning in later years, and should therefore bring with her into mature womanhood the largest possible ability to think clearly, truly, decidedly on all life questions.

Thoughtfulness is one of woman's strong defences. Without it she often allows herself to be idly courted by those who make a mere toy of her. Her beauty, her vivacity, attract the attention of those who want a plaything. If, as a girl, you are a cherished toy, as a wife you will be a neglected one. Some other plaything will come up,—a favorite horse, a fascinating card-table, or whatever else it may be. The more thoughtful your school-life has made you, especially upon the higher themes, the clearer your insight into the depth or shallowness of men and the happier your companionship with those whose thoughtfulness marks them out as members of mankind's true aristocracy.

Feeling, deep, true feeling, is woman's greatest wealth.

Her thoughtfulness is the bridle which she should have well in hand, but her strong and tender feeling, this is the steed which must bear her joyously and nobly over her allotted sphere in life. Feelings need to be trained as carefully as thoughts, more so, if possible. But the training is different. It comes not out of text-books, nor can it be drilled on blackboards. It comes by experiment of self-sacrifice in actual life. The most shallow feelings are expanded into sweet, quiet depths, the most turbid feelings are purified into crystal currents by the simple practice of the rule to do for others. As exercise makes arms strong, so self-sacrifice makes feelings rich and powerful.

E. RONDTHALER.

THERE REMAINETH A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb., iv: 9.

A REST for the weary, a rest for the faint,
A rest for the toil-worn, the heart-stricken saint;
A rest for the pilgrim,—his journey is o'er;—
Tears, dangers and doubts shall beset him no more.

A rest for the laborer,—his long, weary day
Of work in the vineyard has glided away;
Well done, faithful servant! Take up thine abode
In the rest that remains for the people of God.

A rest for the soldier, whose bright setting sun
Looks down on the field where the vict'ry was won;

He hath fought the good fight, he hath vanquished his foes;

For him there remaineth eternal repose.

A rest that *remaineth*! On that shining shore
The heart-aches of earth are remembered no more;
No partings are there our heart-strings to sever—
With loved ones and saved ones we rest there forever.

No sin, no repentance, no sorrow, no fears,
No temptations, no trials, no doubtings, no tears,
No wandering, no falling, no chastening rod,
In the rest that remains for the people of God.

With the Father of Lights; with the Spirit of Love;
With the Saviour of sinners in glory above;
With Apostles and Martyrs redeemed by His blood,
“There remaineth a rest to the people of God.”

Fear not then the dangers that lie in the way!
Faint not 'neath the burden and heat of the day!
Press on in the path thy Redeemer hath trod,—
“There remaineth a rest to the people of God.”

WILLIAM BINGHAM.

CHILDHOOD.

ONE of the sweetest of English poets has said that “Heaven lies about us in our infancy.” We feel the truth of the remark when we see its sunlight still sleeping in childhood’s tresses, its glory still gleaming in

their eyes. The philosophic Richter, in language which does credit alike to his head and heart, declared that "he loved God and little children." Sometimes when we listen to the rippling music of the artless laugh; when we witness the unsuspecting outburst of infant hopes; when we meditate upon the purity and innocence that warm and vivify their wildly throbbing bosoms, we can understand somewhat why a Saviour should deign to bless them, and liken His kingdom to a child. From my very soul, I pity the man who nurses not an affection for children—who delights not in associating himself with their innocent sports, and mingling with their un-studied mirth.

There is about childhood a divine-like charm; and after-life has little to repay us for the loss of childhood's trust and confidence. It may be Imagination that paints its skies in resplendent hues; that peoples its paths with fairy congenial forms; that fringes with never-to-be-forgotten beauty the foliage of its every familiar grove. If so, we have a quarrel with *Reason*. She is a heartless disenchanter. With the art of a malignant magician, she mingles the ingredients of doubt with our hopes, distrust with confidence, and often substitutes in place of sunny halos sad, sombre scenes.

But like the recollection of a pleasant dream to which the heart still fondly clings do we cherish vivid memories of childhood's happy hours! Thank Heaven, they are never forgotten. Sometimes they are buried beneath a weight of after cares; but events will transpire to touch with secret hand the spring, and in a moment we

wear again our youthful smiles, and cherish our earlier hopes. There is about us a strange, mysterious power of reproducing the beautiful.

It is a saying, not more trite than true, and deserves to be remembered, that earliest impressions are most lasting. Life is, indeed, a circle; and he who describes it with his "threescore years and ten," lays him down, eventually, in "second childishness." In more senses than one is the cradle near the grave; for in that sad, final hour, when the weary eye is closing upon all earthly scenes, the last pictures upon which memory gazes, will be childhood groups; the last tone to rouse the failing sense will be the soft, sweet strains of the lullaby that fell long ago from a mother's lips, as she soothed to slumber our infant cares.

W. T. R. BELL.

A MODERN UTOPIA.

MUCH nearer to the famous Isle of quaint Sir Thomas Moore,
And fairer than all other lands I ever saw before,
Is this—the garden-spot of earth—this lovely rolling-plain,
Where Nature lavishes her gifts through all her fair domain.

Nestled among the western hills—North Carolina's pride,
Mid loftiest peaks of granite rock and mountain-spurs beside,

Threaded by streams whose dancing waves reflect the
heaven's blue,
This "Happy Valley" sheltered lies, enchanting to the
view.

When sunset splendors paint the vale with lights and
tintings rare,
And dewy mountain-mists arise to cool the atmosphere,
When the hoary, distant peaks are veiled in shadows deep,
And o'er the nearer mountain-sides the shades of evening
creep,—

Methinks, in all God's glorious world, there's scarce a
lovelier sight,
Than this sweet Haywood valley rare, bathed in the
softened light.
And sure if there's a spot on earth nearest to Heaven's
gate,
It must be this Utopian vale in our good Old North
State.

Where else can such clear mountain streams and rippling
brooks be seen?
Such cool retreats, such rushing falls, such broadening
vales of green?
Such towering mounts, whose time-worn peaks uprear
their lofty crests,
Whose tree-crowned summits pictured lie upon the river's
breast?

Gushing from out the mountains' hearts full many a
healing spring

Yields readily its waters pure that health to mortals bring,
While weary man, with care oppressed, leaving the city's
din,

Seeks rest and surcease from his toil, the happy vale
within.

Sweet peace and quiet reigns supreme among these hills ;
and here

Mid lovely haunts, by mountain tarns, we know no sin
or care.

While gazing upward at those peaks we feel a nearer
sense

Of heavenly things, and bow our hearts, filled with a
love intense.

I've stood upon the ocean's strand, and heard the mad
waves roar

In wild, triumphant glee against the all-enduring shore ;
And yet such grandeur pales before these grander, wilder
mounts,

And ocean's waves less glorious seem than these eternal
founts.

LISSETTE C. BERNHEIM.

LOVE OF LIBERTY.

THE operation of the love of liberty which animated our fathers at the era of 1776 was not confined to our State nor to our hemisphere. This love was handed down to us from our British ancestors, and

wherever the descendants of the Puritans, the Cavaliers or the Scotch-Irish were to be found, there likewise was to be seen in its full efficacy this ennobling sentiment. The spirit of liberty in a great or less force was at that time abroad in the whole civilized world ; but our fathers were its leading champions *then*, as their descendants ought to be *now*.

Our *pioneer* ancestors had learned from the trial of British patriotism how oppressive power was to be resisted, and they taught that lesson to their children, and accordingly our *immediate progenitors*, accepting the political maxims of the heroes of the Commonwealth and of the statesmen of the Revolution of 1688, flew to arms to vindicate and maintain those maxims whenever this infringement occurred, whenever it was *even* threatened.

Long before a separation from the mother country was contemplated by any of the colonies, the Parliament of England infringed one of these maxims by seeking to tax us without our consent, and this act of threatened aggression called forth here in North Carolina a prompt and indignant resistance. Our people on the Cape Fear, anterior to any such action in the colonies elsewhere, under the lead of Cornelius Harnett, John Ashe, Hugh Waddell, and others, threw a cargo of tea into the Cape Fear river, and refused to submit to the "Stamp Act," and compelled the officer who had been appointed to enforce it to leave his sanctuary in the Governor's palace and repair to the market place, and there to pledge himself, under oath, to an assembled multitude, that he

would forego the discharge of his official functions. Such was the pervading temper of the Colony, *even* while it remained in loyal allegiance to the Crown.

The sentiment of loyalty was never so potential with our ancestors as the love of liberty, and when by any combination of circumstances these two great virtues of a true British subject came in conflict, *our* fathers always subordinated the former to the latter. Loyalty was a virtue in their esteem only when it was rendered to agents of government who themselves respected liberty and encouraged its sway in the measures of government and in the hearts of the people.

While North Carolina, exulting in her maternal felicity, points with the complacency of Cornelia to her Caswell, her Johnston, her Nash, her Moores, her Brevard, her Harnett, her Howe, her Polks, her Davidsons, her Ashes, her Waddell, her Avery, her Alexanders and her Grahams, who, as she believes, in the great contest for our nationality, took the lead of the majestic world, methinks that from the contributions of these great States is formed a constellated centre of light sufficient to illumine and lead the population of the globe to the full attainment of the rights, the enjoyments and the true dignity of noble manhood.

Who can contemplate the illustrious characters I have named without feelings of indescribable satisfaction. Their light will, sooner or later, go out to all the earth, and before their superior brightness all other luminaries and leaders of nations, ancient and modern, will "pale their ineffectual fires." When the lapse of ages shall

have shed its hallowing influences upon them, they will be held in greater respect and reverence than Solon or Aristides, Epaminondas or Cato, or Cicero. Their principles are as immortal as the stars, nor is there any just cause to doubt their ultimate triumph and universal prevalence.

JOHN KERR.

WILLIE.

THE things he used to play with
Lie in the corner there;
And yonder hangs the worsted cap
That he was wont to wear;
Beneath his dimpled chin I see
Its crimson tassels tied,
And clasp once more, with fond caress,
Our little boy that died.

I hear the restless, rosy feet,
That patter on the stair,
And now he runs to mamma's seat,
To nestle fondly there:
He sits upon my knee again,
Or, on my foot astride,
I toss the darling of my heart,
Who clammers for a ride.

The labor of the day is done;
Home, to a glowing hearth,
I hasten, ere the set of sun,
The happiest man on earth;

A mother, standing at the door,
Looks out, adown the street,
Elate with joy, as runs her boy,—
His father first to greet.

Ah, then right merrily we romp !
And noisy is our glee,
For each, to please the household pet,
Must horse or driver be ;
He brings his “blocks,” and begs papa
“A church” for him to rear,
But knocks the fabric down before
The steeple can appear.

His marbles next and then his ball,
Till, weary of our play,
He sups on mother’s lap and folds
His little hands to pray :
And “Now I lay me down to sleep,”—
That immemorial prayer,—
In faltering phrases, soft and sweet,
Makes musical the air.

He sleeps : the fire is burning low,
And shadows on the wall,
Like those he wondered at, and feared,
Grotesquely rise and fall :
Night—rayless night—o’erwhelms my soul,
And yet, in my despair,
I sometimes almost smile to think
There is no shadow there !

Tis summer time again, and I
 Sit mournfully for hours,
And watch the painted butterflies,
 That woo his favorite flowers;
They hover, unmolested, here,
 Yet—dreaming of the chase—
I see the hunter's flashing eyes,
 His flushed and eager face!

How oft I've seen the jocund boy
 Return from garden play,
His summer hat, of plaited straw,
 With larkspur blossoms gay!
The hand that decked it thus need not
 Renew the garland now,
For seraphim and cherubim
 Twine amaranth for his brow!

Strange silence broods o'er all the house,
 From dawn to close of day;
The little drummer beats no more
 Tattoo or Reveillé;
His feathered cap and plaided cloak,
 And broken drum remain,
But he, who wore them once, will ne'er
 Come back to us again.

It almost breaks my heart to see
 The dog he daily fed,
Crouch at our feet, and mutely ask
 The living for the dead;

I cannot harshly drive him out,
Though keener grief than mine
Wells forth afresh whene'er she hears
His wistful—piteous whine.

“ But wouldest thou call him back to earth,
Have him again to wear
The crimson-tasseled worsted cap
Upon his golden hair?
Wouldest have thy Willie lay aside
His diadem of light,—
Change crown for cross, and blindly grope
Beside thee through the night?”

Ask me no more, for flesh is weak ;
Our idol was a part
Of every earth-born hope that blessed
Mine and his mother’s heart !
“ Ask me no more ” : help us, O God,
This bitter loss to bear—
To kiss Thy chastening rod, and live
To find “ our treasure,” *there!*

THEOPHILUS H. HILL.

NORTH CAROLINA AND THE STAMP ACT.

IN the first of the year 1766 the sloop-of-war *Diligence* arrived in the Cape Fear, bringing the stamps. The proclamation of Gov. Tryon announcing her arrival, and directing all persons authorized to distribute them to

apply to her commander, is dated the 6th of January in that year. Now look what shall happen. She floats as gaily up the river as though she came upon an errand of grace, with sails all set, and the cross of St. George flaunting apeak, and her cannon frown upon the rebellious little town of Brunswick as she yaws to her anchor.

People of the Cape Fear, the issue is before you! The paw of the lion is on your heads—the terrible lion of England! Will you crouch submissively?—or redeem the honor that was pledged for you? You have spoken brave words about the rights of the people. Have you acts as brave?

Scarcely had the Stamp ship crossed the bar, when Colonel Waddell was watching her from the land. He sent a message to Wilmington to his friend Colonel Ashe. And as she rounded to her anchor opposite the custom house at Brunswick, they stood upon the shore with two companies of friends and gallant yeomen at their backs. Beware, John Ashe! Hugh Waddell, take heed!

Consider well, brave gentlemen, the perilous issue that you dare. Remember that armed resistance to the king's authority is Treason. In his palace, at Wilmington, but a few miles off, the "Wolf of Carolina"** is already chafing against you. And know you not that yonder, across the water, England still keeps the Tower, the Traitor's Gate, the Scaffold and the Axe? Full well they know. But

"They have set their lives upon the east,
And now must stand the hazard of the die."

* Name given to Tryon by the Indians.

By threats of violence they intimidate the commander of the sloop, and he promises not to land the stamps. They seize the vessel's boat, and hoisting a mast and flag, mount it upon a cart, and march in triumph to Wilmington. Upon their arrival the town is illuminated. Next day, with Colonel Ashe at their head, the people go in crowds to the Governor's house, and demand of him James Houston, the Stamp-master.

Upon his refusal to deliver him up, forthwith they set about to burn the house above his head. Terrified, the Governor at length complies, and Houston is conducted to the market-house, where, in the presence of the assembled people, he is made to take a solemn oath never to execute the duties of his office. Three glad hurrahs ring through the old market-house, and the Stamp Act falls still-born in North Carolina. And this was more than ten years before the Declaration of Independence, and more than nine before the battle of Lexington, and nearly eight years before the "Boston Tea Party."

The destruction of the tea was done in the night, by men in disguise. And history blazons it, and New England boasts of it, and the fame of it is world-wide. But this other act, more gallant and daring, done in open day, by well known men, with arms in their hands, and under the king's flag—who remembers, or who tells of it?

When will the nation's history do justice to North Carolina? Never until some faithful and loving son of her own shall gird his loins to the task, with unwearyed industry and unflinching devotion to the honor of his dear old mother.

GEORGE DAVIS.

A VISION.

A PILGRIM I stand where the sunlight
Falls soft on the amaranth hills,
And the light, as I humbly gaze upward,
With rapture my bosom has filled.

For I fancy the “King in his beauty,”
The “streets that are paved with gold,”
While the breezes are soft and celestial,
And whisper of joys now untold.

Ah! I see the wide walls, all of jasper,
And the gate—a glittering pearl;
While the music of harps floating downward,
Like banners, around me, are furled.

Oh! the brightness of beautified faces,
And the waving of snow-white wings,
As they walk by the crystal waters,
Fair, fairer than earthly things.

And they gather the pure white lilies,
And wreath them in immortelles,
They worship the Lamb in His glory,
While praise from their voices swells.

And I, as I gaze, have forgotten
That my garments but loosely enfold
A form sin-laden and shrunken,
And stained with the earth and its mould.

Forgotten the grey mile-stones I've counted,
The weary and way-worn feet,
E'en the graves that lie by my road-side,
And tears, once bitter, are sweet.

Forgot that my hand has been clasping
Hope's blossoms all withered and dead,
Forgot that the star of my morning
Has set, and its latest beams fled.

Do I care? Ah! no! This blest vision
Has come like an angel of light,
And bends, with her white hands, to beckon
To the home that forever is bright.

CLAUDIA M. TOLSON.

A GLORIOUS DAY.

AFTER much cold and sleet, and wind and ice, after many days of cloud and gloom and dreariest weather, Sabbath dawned upon us like a smile from Heaven, and its beams of cheer lit up all hearts with brightest joy and gladness. And as we sat upon the veranda, bathing in the brilliant streams of sunlight, and enjoying the glorious and exhilarating transition from those sombre scenes of the week before to this one of such radiant beauty, we began to think and reflect and dream, and oh, gentle reader, what on earth is more sweet or tranquilizing than the soft hush of such a blessed Sabbath sunlight!

It fell upon earth like a smile of approbation from the peace-bathed realms of the blest, and none could bask in its glory-light without nursing an aspiration for that higher, purer, sweeter rest of which this blessed day is beautifully and so eloquently typical.

And again, this day coming as it does, the one calm, quiet, peaceful one amid those six stormy and trial-tossed and care-chased others which make up the week, it seems like a sweet, peaceful little isle in the ocean, on which greenest grasses grow, and sweetest flowers bloom, and purest waters flow, and where earth's weary birds, chased by the tempests and frightened by the howling wind and the roaring waves, can fold their tired and drooping wings, and rest safe and secure from the furious lashings of the angriest billows, and where they can once more ope their tuneful mouths and pour their praises out in rippling tides of sweetest song.

Thus is the Sabbath to earth's weary pilgrims, for it is indeed a sweet little island of rest amid an ocean of toil and care, and once amid its peaceful hush we, too, can rest secure, for a time, at least, from the stormy beatings of the billows of trouble, and like the birds, escaped from the storm of strife we, too, can melt our icy hearts in songs of praise, and dream in rapture of that endless rest to be found in the harbor of eternity, when the effulgent sunbursts of Resurrection's morn shall usher in the splendors of that endless and beautiful and cloudless Sabbath which remaineth for the people of God.

W. H. BLOUNT.

NORTH CAROLINA TEACHERS.

IN this fair, sunny Southern land,
Where peace and joy and mirth
Reign supreme on every hand,
Glad Freedom had her birth.

And of the States which make this land
So brave, so free and great,
No one will ever higher stand
Than our noble "Old North State."

Of those who place so high our State,
No poets, press or preachers
Can e'er a prouder record make
Than "North Carolina teachers."

H.

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

YOU cannot calculate the value of the Union. The astronomer from his observatory may measure the disc of the sun, tell you his distance from the earth, describe the motion of his rays, and predict with positive certainty an eclipse; but he cannot compute the utility of heat, the blessings of light, nor the glory and splendor of the god of day.

Who can calculate the value of constitutional united liberty—the blessings of a free press, free schools, and

a free religion? Go and calculate the value of the air we breathe, the water we drink, the earth that we inhabit. By what mathematical process will you calculate the value of national character? In what scales will you weigh political equality and the ballot-box? At what price would you sell American citizenship? What is self-government worth—its freedom, happiness and example? “Calculate the value of the Union!”

Look at the mighty Mississippi, the Father of Waters—it rises in the nameless snows of North America, runs through twenty-three degrees of latitude, all our own soil, and washes the sides of ten young, flourishing and powerful States; its tributaries drain the rains that fall in sight of the Atlantic and meet the streams that flow into the Pacific upon the summit of the Rocky Mountains; its broad tides bear on their buoyant bosom the clothing of half of the world, and the fertile valleys which spread out from its ample banks are capable of producing food for the population of the whole earth for a thousand years to come.

On its eastern shore, in a quiet spot, near the Crescent City, you see some clusters of small orange trees growing upon a broken embankment, and now and then an old but flourishing live-oak spreads its green branches over the damp sod. You are on the battle-ground of New Orleans! You behold the field of the most remarkable victory ever won, and as you ascend the mouldering entrenchment, the morning of the 8th of January, 1815, rises before you. Your heart beats anxiously; you watch the serried columns of Packenham advance to the

charge—you note the calm faces of Jackson's men—you hear the rifles' peal, the din of musketry, the cannon's roar—you see the repulse, the retreat, the field of the dead and the dying—you cross the moat, and as the smoke clears away, you count the fallen; the English have lost twenty-six hundred men on that field—the Americans have lost seven killed and six wounded—you remember no victory like it—the historian tells you "it is a disproportion of loss unrecorded of any other battle"; you see the Flag of the Stars waving over you, and you feel your country in your veins. Stand upon the battle-ground of New Orleans, by the side of the great Father of Waters, and tell me, if you can, what the Union is worth? These are its jewels—they shine brightly in a diadem whose full and radiant circle sparkles all over with glorious deeds.

MATT. W. RANSOM.

LIFE OF A DEW-DROP.

ON a hill-side, by a mossy stone,
A modest snow-drop bloomed alone;
A gentle breeze came passing by,
Stole but one kiss, then breathed a sigh;
It blanched the snow-drop's wax-soft cheek,
It bowed its head so sad, so meek,
Then from its eye a tear-drop stole,
Down its smooth cheek so white and cold.

This tear-drop was the drop of dew
Whose life and travels I tell to you.
I plucked the snow-drop sweet and fair,
I looked, but the dew-drop was not there.
It fled in vapor and mist to rise
And find a home in the sun-lit skies.
On a soft, white cloud it rides at night,
And smiles at the moon as it beams so bright.

On the sea of blue sky in its white fairy boat
All the day in the realm of the sky it will float,
Till at last it grows weary of dwelling so high;
Earth's flowers are thirsty and ready to die.
Returning, it freshens their beauty again,
How gladly they welcome the light-falling rain!
And then as it rests on the lily at night,
It mirrors a star in its looking-glass bright.

But a wandering stream coming by the next day
Embraces the rain-drop and bears it away.
Now gently it flows and in size still it grows
Through the long summer's heat and the cold winter's
snows;
Then unites with river swept on by the stream,
And waking, imagines its journey a dream.
There it raises its tiny head lucid and blue,
And murmurs "I'm only the same drop of dew."

It goes wandering on over mountain and steep,
At last 'twill be found on the ocean so deep.
There the diamond-bright dew-drop is dancing all day,
Amid the blue waves it is happy and gay.

Still it raises its fair face in beautiful smiles,
And murmurs "I've come many myriads of miles."
It murmurs "I am not a stranger to you,
I'm only the same little drop of the dew."

MARTHA MILLS.

ENDURING POSSESSIONS.

LET not those who have grown gray in what they deem higher and more exalted pursuits affect to look with indifference upon the student's toils and honors. To the eye of enlightened judgment the successful pursuit of science is far more glorious and productive of happiness than the attainment of laurels crimsoned with blood, or the most exalted political preferment.

The warrior views with delighted eye the glittering columns prepared for battle, and his ear drinks with avidity the martial sound of the trumpet summoning to the conflict. The statesman, pale with care and anxious thought, smiles with sweet satisfaction at the effects of his policy, and hugs to his bosom the fond hope that his labored schemes will eventuate in splendid success. But what is the issue of a hundred victories? Go to the lonely tomb of the exile of St. Helena and ask the shade of its mighty tenant. The spell is dissolved, the illusion has vanished, and, as if touched by the spear of Ithuriel, the sad reality is disclosed in all its vanity and emptiness.

He who created and dethroned kings at his mere will and pleasure, and whose ambition a continent could not

bound, was reft of his own sceptre, and confined to a small island, deprived of all his acquisitions, except those of the imperishable mind.

In this last scene, when the conqueror's robe was laid aside, and the voice of the flatterer no longer told its siren tale, his early education, and the knowledge then acquired, remained, and stood by him as his firmest and most faithful worldly support and comfort.

JOHN H. BRYAN.

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN.

HOW loud and long their booming thunder
Rends the golden air asunder,
While the ransomed, passing under,
Fall in praise beneath the bells,
Whose mighty throbbing welcome tells ;
And the Angels hush their harps in wonder—
Bells of Heaven, glory booming bells !

Gentler now, the silver's shiver
Purls the rippling waves that quiver
Through the ether's tide forever,
Mellow as they left the bells,
Whose softening vibrate welcome tells ;
And the quavers play adown the river—
Bells of Heaven, softly sobbing bells !

Then the dreamy cadence dying,
Sing as soft as zephyrs sighing ;
Faintest echoes cease replying

To the murmur of the bells,
Whose stilling tremor welcome tells,
Faintly as the snow-flakes falling, lying—
Bells of Heaven, dreamy murmuring bells !

EDWIN W. FULLER.

OUR COUNTRY.

THERE is much that is truly and most strikingly sublime surrounding the history of that country in which our lot has been cast. Who can contemplate it without seeing the guidance—the working of an Almighty arm? Whilst the empires of the old world were rising in grandeur and power, and successively fading away under the grasp of corruption and ambition; whilst the whole Christian world was rocked to and fro by the mighty conflict it waged for centuries with the Moslem power of the East; whilst Europe was slowly emerging from the cloud of ignorance and barbarism, in which it had been so long enveloped, this vast country, now smiling with the fruits of industry, and rejoicing in the rich trophies of civilization, lay embosomed in the sublime repose—the undisturbed solitude of nature! The genius of one man threw open the door to its approach, and it sprang into view like a new creation. Its rude tenants, as wild and uncultivated as the vast forests and lofty mountains over which they had so long roamed, unrestrained by government and untrammeled by laws, gave way on the advance of science, religion and civilization.

Those who took their places were a hardy, stern, energetic race, of resolute purpose and indomitable will. Their history had been one of trials, difficulties and dangers. They had been educated in the school of a harsh and severe experience. They had fled from civil and religious persecution. The wilderness, with freedom of thought and unmolested worship of God, had higher charms for them than all the refinements and glitter of European society, with the weight of civil and religious tyranny pressing their energies to the earth, and enslaving their consciences. When they came hither, they brought with them, retained and cultivated those principles of free government, in defence of which so many noble spirits had fallen martyrs in the countries from which they fled.

The names of Russell, of Sidney, of Hampden, inspired their hearts with confidence and boldness. The doctrines for which *they* had so fearlessly contended took deep root and spread. The great and final conflict at last came. It brought with it trials and sufferings well calculated to appall the stoutest heart. They equalled any that marked the struggles which, in former ages, had been waged by right and justice against oppression and wrong. To all but a handful of gallant, unconquerable spirits the issue was one full of doubt and uncertainty. The despondency which fell on many only aroused new energy and enkindled more indomitable resolution in the hearts of those who saw, afar off through the smoke and carnage of battle, the light of victory.

The same spirit that enabled them to triumph over a

foreign foe, secured them another triumph, yet more glorious, because the more difficult—*a triumph over themselves*, a triumph over passion and prejudice—over selfishness and ambition—over anarchy and licentiousness! From confusion sprang order; from sectional animosity and dissention, concord and union; from weakness, strength; from prostrate credit and shattered finances, national wealth and inexhaustible sources of revenue! The nations of the earth gazed in astonishment as upon a new sun “risen on midnoon.”

HENRY W. MILLER.

GOD BLESS OUR STATE.

AN ACROSTIC RECITATION FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

[Select thirteen girls about eight or ten years of age, as near the same size as possible, and if all are dressed in white the scene will be prettier. Cut the letters about ten inches long for the acrostic from stiff card-board and cover them with gold or silver paper. Let these letters be suspended on the shoulders of the girls at the back, so that they cannot be seen when the children are facing the audience.

At rear of the platform, fastened on the wall, have the inscription, “God Bless Our State,” cut from some bright colored paper. This inscription to be covered by a curtain parted in the centre, to each part of which are to be attached strings, so that the curtain may be drawn at

the proper time by two or four little girls, that the inscription can be plainly read by the audience. The inscription should be as large as the space will permit. An outline of our State Coat of Arms as a background would improve the closing scene.

As each child recites her part she will step to the front of platform, make a graceful bow to the audience, and speak *very slowly* and *every word distinctly*. She will then take her place in line, standing on the left of the girl preceding her. Care should be used in taking position not to let the acrostic letter be seen by the audience.]

FIRST GIRL.

NOW with happy hearts we greet you,
As our days of school are ended;
Glad we are, dear friends, to meet you
With joy that's real, not pretended.

SECOND GIRL.

On this merry day of greeting
Pleasant memories we recall;—
May the moments swiftly fleeting
Bring great happiness to all.

THIRD GIRL.

Rest you here in our school-home,
Where we've gleaned from day to day

Brightest gems from Wisdom's store-house
Which shall beam along life's way.

FOURTH GIRL.

Things which make our life-work noble
Are here taught with tender care;
'Tis such training as will make us
Ever brave to do and dare.

FIFTH GIRL.

Here is laid a strong foundation
For the building of a mind,
In which, through the years now coming,
Many pleasures we shall find.

SIXTH GIRL.

CONSTANT, too, are we ever
In our love for native land,
And we cherish all her treasures;
Which we see on every hand.

SEVENTH GIRL.

All her noble sons and daughters
To our hearts are very dear;—
Faithfulness in all their labors
Speaks their worth both far and near.

EIGHTH GIRL.

Rouse! sons of the Old North State,
Raise the banner of her pride,

Let not others her glory take,
Nor a single honor hide.

NINTH GIRL.

O'er the land we'll send her praises,
On the sea proclaim her name,
Till the earth's remotest borders
Sound the echo of her fame.

TENTH GIRL.

Loud and long the chorus ringing,
Like some gentle, magic spell,
Over hill and valley winging,
Shall our strong devotion tell.

ELEVENTH GIRL.

In the coming years before you,
As you journey on through life,
May the love of home and country
Strengthen you for every strife.

TWELFTH GIRL.

Never let your pride of home-land
Wane or die within your breast ;
Nourish it with growing fondness
As the truest and the best.

THIRTEENTH GIRL.

And when this life's declining years
Close our pilgrimage on earth,

May our weary dust then mingle
With the soil that gave us birth.

1st *Girl*—**N**o other land beneath the skies,
2d *Girl*—**O**'er which the flag of freedom flies,
3d *Girl*—**R**ich though it be in wealth of gold,
4th *Girl*—**T**hough its beauty be yet untold,
5th *Girl*—**H**igh though its fame like mountains rise,
6th *Girl*—**C**an ever be to us so great
7th *Girl*—**A**s our own dear native State,
8th *Girl*—**R**ound which our hearts so fondly cling,
9th *Girl*—**O**f which our tenderest songs we sing.
10th *Girl*—**L**et all her sons and daughters be
11th *Girl*—**I**nspired with love for her, as we.
12th *Girl*—**N**ow join us in the song we raise,
13th *Girl*—**A**nd sing dear NORTH CAROLINA'S praise.

[At this moment the curtain will be drawn from the inscription on the wall and the whole line of speakers will reverse position and point to the words, "God Bless our State," and the audience will read NORTH CAROLINA along the line. While in this position the school sings]:

"Carolina, Carolina, heaven's blessings attend her,
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her."

[Then face the audience again and conclude with the chorus]:

"Hurrah, hurrah, the Old North State forever!
Hurrah, hurrah, the good Old North State."

RANDOLPH A. SHOTWELL.

SPEAKING of Randolph A. Shotwell, it cannot, in the words of the greatest of bards, be said, "His life was gentle." It had been a checkered one. Entering upon young manhood in the warring days of passion, with a musket on his shoulder, he saw life's grim visage, and early became acquainted with its harsh features and unfeeling selfishness. Following the war came what was called "the piping times of peace." But to him they were days of hardship, days of war; and in battling against an adverse fortune, the harsher parts of his nature were unduly developed—and necessarily so. His trial, his conviction, his imprisonment, his release, and his battle for the rights of an unappreciative people did not tend to sweeten his life, and it is not surprising that harsh words escaped his lips. The wonder is that, remembering how his life in a measure had been embittered by wrongs, he was as gentle a man as he was, and forgave so much. But if it cannot be said

"His life was gentle,"

most truthfully is it granted to quote:

"and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man."

Aye, indeed, he was a MAN—than which, when that is said, there can be no higher words of praise.

There is no man among North Carolinians who will not now admit that Randolph A. Shotwell had eminent

claim to the respect and gratitude due to the friend that will stand by his friends to the bitter end; to the patriot that will offer faithful counsel, perform heroic deeds, and offer on the altar of his country all that a noble man has to offer—even life itself.

There is no man among us who will not now testify that Randolph A. Shotwell had character that stood unmoved amid the storms of hate and oppression. Like the granite cliff in the howling tempest, his character stood true and unchanging. This is so rare a virtue in this day that it is impossible to those who have not the hero's spirit.

There is no one among us now who would not say of Randolph A. Shotwell that he was generous and unselfish beyond most of the heroes of history. He bore truly the cruel violence of victorious haters, and his lips were sealed with the cement of kindness, so that neither the hand of torture nor the bribes of the captors could prize them open to the hurt of those who once had trusted him. There was no trait in his character that drew brave hearts to him and caused all men to admire him more than the sacrifice of self to shield his friend from harm.

And neither is there any among true North Carolinians who will mention his faults or who will speak harshly of the omissions and commissions of his life. He was too much that is noble to permit us to look with more than a glance of tearful love on aught that manifested itself in his life which was imperfect. His high sense of honor, his upright character, his devotion to

right, and his unselfish, abounding love for his friends, gave him a place in the hearts of true North Carolinians which will be fresh and green when the granite monument which will have marked his grave has crumbled into dust.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

THE MYSTERY OF CRO-A-TAN.

[The little colony sent to Roanoke Island by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1581, being in great need of supplies, sent the Governor, John White, to England for them. Before he sailed it was agreed that if the colony found it necessary to seek another location, the name of the place to which they had gone should be carved on a tree at the fort; and, if they had left in distress, a cross was to be cut above the word. Governor White's daughter, Eleanor Dare, and her little babe, Virginia Dare, recently born to her in that wild American home, were left with the colonists to await the return of the Governor from England. He was absent three years. His vessel came to anchor off Roanoke Island in March, 1590, and the Governor hastened to find his child and her companions; but the fort was deserted, and not a trace of the colonists has ever been discovered to this day save the single word *Croatan* carved on a pine post near the fort.]

THE breath of spring was on the sea:
T Anon the governor stepped
His good ship's deck right merrily;
His promise had been kept.

“See, see! the coast-line comes in view!”

He heard the mariners shout,—

“We’ll drop our anchors in the sound

Before a star is out!”

“Now God be praised,” he inly breathed,

“Who saves from all that harms:

To-morrow morn my pretty ones

Will rest within my arms!”

At dawn of day they moored their ships,

And dared the breakers’ roar.

—What meant it? Not a man was there

To welcome them ashore!

They sprang to find the cabins rude;

The quick green sedge had thrown

Its knotted web o'er every door

And climbed each chimney-stone.

The spring was choked with winter’s leaves,

And feebly gurgled on;

And from the pathway strewn with wrack

All trace of feet was gone.

Their fingers thrid the matted grass,

If there perchance a mound

Unseen might heave the broken turf;

But not a grave was found.

They beat the tangled cypress swamp,

If haply in despair

They might have strayed into its glade,

But found no vestige there.

“The pine! the pine!” the governor groaned;
And there each staring man
Read, in a maze, one single word
Deep carven,—CRO-A-TAN!

But cut above, no cross, no sign,
No symbol of distress;
Naught else beside that mystic line,
Within the wilderness!

And where and what was “Cro-a-tan”?
But not an answer came,
And none of all who read it there
Had ever heard the name!

“Oh, daughter! daughter! with the thought
My harrowed brain is wild!—
Up with the anchors! I must find
The mother and the child!”

They scoured the mainland near and far;
The search no tidings brought,
Till, 'mid a forest's dusky tribe,
They heard the name they sought.

The kindly natives came with gifts
Of corn and slaughtered deer:
What room for savage treachery
Or foul suspicion here?

They searched the wigwams through,
But neither lance, nor helm, nor spear,
Nor shred of child's nor woman's gear,
Could furnish forth a clue.

How could a hundred souls be caught
Straight out of life, nor find
Device through which to mark their fate
Or leave some hint behind?

Had winter's ocean inland rolled
An eagre's deadly spray
That overwhelmed the island's breadth
And swept them all away?

In vain, in vain, their heart-sick search:
No tidings reached them more,
No record save that silent word
Upon that silent shore.

The mystery rests a mystery still,
Unsolved of mortal man:
Sphinx-like, untold, the ages hold
The tale of CRO-A-TAN.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE TONGUE.

THE tongue is one of the best and most useful gifts from God. By it we speak our words and express our opinions. By it the worshipper sings his praises and voices his prayers. By it the minister preaches his sermons and informs his hearers. By it the lawyer states his case and pleads for his client. By it the teacher enforces his ideas and instructs his pupils. By it the lover tells his love and plights his troth.

Its tones soothe the weeping infant and its prattle gladdens the mother's heart. It utters the voice of entreaty and the cry of distress. It gives the order of the director and the report of the servant. Yea, it is the most ready instrument of expression of the feelings and desires of the human soul, and is the universal possession of man.

The tongue has much the advantage over writing in the energetic expression of thought. While writing has the advantage over speech in preserving the records of time for the instruction of the reader, yet one receives a much clearer idea of the thought intended to be conveyed when it falls from the lips of the living speaker than by its perusal in print or writing. Tones, looks and gestures, which accompany speech, aid the speaker in making himself understood. These interpreters of the speaker's ideas, of course, do not aid the reader in grasping the contents of the printed page.

Any gift attended with so much blessing will, when perverted or improperly used, prove just as great a curse. This is eminently true in the case of the tongue. I would weary the patience of my kind audience were I to tell of all the evils of the tongue. I will briefly refer to some of the tongues which I sincerely wish that he who speaks and those who hear will never possess :

1st. The *evil tongue*. This tongue is deceptive, mischievous, perverse and froward. It is like a sharp sword or razor. As these dangerous weapons are used to wound, mutilate and destroy, so does the evil tongue effect like mischief with the names and reputations of people. Let us avoid the use of the evil tongue.

2d. The *lying tongue*. The sin of lying is perhaps more commonly practiced than any other sin. Where is the class in society—yea, where is the individual—that has never been guilty of this detestable vice? Its practice debases, and renders it almost impossible for the guilty ones to ever reach the higher types of manhood or womanhood. Who has any confidence in the habitual liar? Who can believe him even if he should tell the truth? This tongue is cowardly, too, because it fears to tell the truth to men, while it does not fear to lie before God.

3d. The *slanderous* and the *tale-bearing tongue*. These tongues are twin-brothers, and rarely separate in their mischievous work. How they wound and separate friends! How they divide neighbors! How they stir up strife in whole communities, and even impair the harmony of the benevolent organizations of men and of the churches of the living God!

Allow me in closing to recommend the use of the *good tongue*. Of course, to avoid the evils just presented would be to use well the gift of speech. The good tongue is truthful and right; is wise and just; is sound and peace-making; is kind and healthful, and is guileless and modest. As honey is sweet to the taste of the eater, so are pleasant words to the ear of the hearer. When the tongue is used in imparting useful knowledge, it is then a jewel more valuable than gold and more to be desired than rubies.

The wise king of Israel said that “death and life are in the power of the tongue.” Will not each and all of

my respected auditors join me in the endeavor to ever employ this powerful instrument, the tongue, so that we may promote life and not death by its use?

JAMES H. ALFORD.

THE NEUSE RIVER.

FAIR river not unknown to classic song—
Which still in varying beauty roll'st along,
Where first thy infant is faintly seen,
A line of silver 'mid a fringe of green;

Or where, near towering rocks, thy bolder tide,
To win the giant-guarded pass doth glide,
Or where, in azure mantle, pure and free,
Thou giv'st thy cool hand to the washing sea.

I've been where the waters are sparkling and pure,
I've watched them roll gallantly on to the sea,
And I loved their sweet murmuring voice, but I'm sure
I never as Neuse thought them lovely to me.

I've stood on the breast of a hill-shaded vale,
And listened with joy to full many a rill,
That sported around me all sparkling and pale,
And then have I said, Neuse is lovelier still.

I've gazed, when the moon lent her magical light,
On a field of clear waters all tranquil in rest,
With a mirror of heaven, as blue and as bright,
And then have I vowed that I loved Neuse the best.

Thy waters, fair river, have flowed by the shore
Where my fathers are sleeping, since first thou wert
free
From the kind hand of Nature, that never made more
So bright, so enchanting, so lovely as thee.

Regretful waves, well may you weep and sigh
For this bright Eden as you pass it by,
For wander where you may, you ne'er will kiss
A shore so bright, so beautiful as this.

THOMAS WATSON.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

PAUL was emphatically a great man. He possessed an intellect which grasped the sublimest truths; a heart that loved God and bled with compassion for man. He lived as well as preached Christianity. He was a portraiture and a proof of the religion of Christ.

Standing upon an eminence unreached by the masses, he took such a view of the world which prevented his judgment from being carried away by show; and with the law of God as his standard, he formed a calm and deliberate opinion of mankind. He deprecated the religion of the religious, pitied the ignorance of the philosophical, and wept over the degradation of the great. He estimated no man according to his birth, his office, his attire or wealth; but according to the real amount of truth that lived in his heart and was embodied in his life.

In the scene of Paul before Agrippa, the poet, the orator, the painter and the sculptor may find a subject worthy of the highest effort of genius. Paul stands before royalty as a criminal, undaunted and brave. Neither the anathemas of his own countrymen nor the scowl of the world could crush that spirit of his, which rose in triumph over all.

He was in chains, and yet, on the face of this globe, there was no man more free than he; his spirit exulted in a liberty which no despot could injure, no time destroy. An outcast in the world was he, and yet its rulers trembled at the majesty of his looks and the power of his words.

Now we ask that you closely observe this scene before us—the boldness and calmness of the Apostle—the tremor and agitation of Agrippa are to be referred to one and the same principle. And what was that principle? Was it genius? Learning? Law? No. It was Truth. The power of this truth manifested itself in shaking the religion of the monarch.

There is no task more difficult than that of destroying a man's faith in his own religion, for man has a religious nature—a nature made for God, and every opinion that he has entertained on his religion he holds to with more than an iron grasp. It is easier to argue a man out of anything else than out of his religious creed,—for this he has often given up his home, his friends, and his life even.

But of all classes of men no class would feel it more difficult to change their religion than kings; because the

obstacles in the way of a sovereign changing his religion are greater than those of any one else. He is often a religious slave. The religion of his people must be his; and so pride, policy or fear would bind him to his creed.

Bring the religion of the Cross in fair contact with them all, and they shall vanish away like the mists of the morning. Like Aaron's rod, the Cross shall swallow up their enchantments. It shall dispel any error that darkens the human judgment; snap any fetter that inthralls the human soul; it shall give to every spirit its right and freedom—the long-lost inheritance of man.

THOMAS E. SKINNER.

THE BLIND BOY.

IT was a blessed summer day :
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild ;
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.
In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children, who had hither strayed.

Just at an aged beech-tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined ;
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,—

 A tree concealed me from their view;
But all they said I well could hear,
 And I could see all they might do.

“Dear Mary,” said the poor blind boy,

 “That little bird sings very long:
Say, do you see him in his joy?
 Is he as pretty as his song?”
“Yes, Edward, yes,” replied the maid,
 I see the bird on yonder tree.”
The poor boy sighed and gently said,
 “Sister, I wish that I could see.

“The flowers you say are very fair,
 And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there,—
 How beautiful to one who sees!

“Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
 And I can feel the green leaf’s shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
 From those dear birds that God has made.

“So, sister, God to me is kind,
 Though no sight to me He’s given;
But tell me, are there any blind
 Among the children up in heaven?”
“No, dearest Edward, there all see:—
 But why ask me a thing so odd?”
“Oh, Mary, He’s so good to me,
 I thought I’d like to look at God.”

Ere long disease its hand had laid
On that dear boy so meek and mild :
His widowed mother wept, and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.
He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "Oh, never weep for me ;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll be there,—dear Mary, too ;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you,—
You know I never saw you here."
He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final stroke was given ;
When God took up the poor blind child
And opened first his eyes in heaven.

FRANCIS L. HAWKS.

AMBITION, TRUE AND FALSE.

WHAT is ambition? Literally the word signifies the act of *going around*, and originally it was applied to persons who went around to solicit votes for office. It is now used in a broader sense and is applied to persons who are solicitous not only for office, but also for honor, power, wealth, influence, or excellence in any work or calling.

Ambition may be used for good or for evil. It may result in usefulness to the world, and in the honor and

glory of those who are actuated by it; or in public damage and calamity; and in the dishonor and disgrace of those who are controlled by it.

It is laudable to desire even superiority among our fellow-men; and ambition becomes false only when allowed to control our actions to the injury of others or to our own injury. Persons actuated by it have, on the one hand, blessed the world; and, on the other, cursed it. On the one hand, it has lightened the burdens and soothed the sorrows of mankind; and, on the other, it has brought misfortune and distress, and swept the world as with a besom of destruction. Philanthropists, scholars and patriots, as well as despots and military tyrants, have worshipped at its shrine.

Ambition must be guided by some higher principle of action. Our motives, purposes and aims in life are of the greatest consequence as guides to our ambition. Under natural laws water does not rise higher than its source. When there are no disturbing influences, the needle points to the magnetic pole. So, too, as a rule, men do not rise higher than they aim; and while their environments have much to do with their successes and failures, some ambition, true or false, is a pole to which their lives are pointed.

After his brilliant campaigns in 1862, General Robert E. Lee, the thunders of battle having scarcely died away, wrote from Fredericksburg to his daughter this sentiment, true, and as beautiful and pure as the snow that then mantled the earth: "Study hard and gain knowledge, and learn your duty to God and your neighbor,

for that is the object of life." At another time he wrote to his son reminding him that *duty* is the sublimest word in the language. Here we find the principle that guided General Lee's ambition. It was his devotion to duty in this highest sense that caused him to decline the command of the United States armies which was tendered him, although that was the highest position attainable in his chosen profession. His sense of duty forbade his raising his arm to strike his native State or the South, no matter how brilliant an award of profit and honor might await him. Notwithstanding the cause for which he fought so grandly failed of success, yet he was grander in defeat than he had been in war. The world has made up its verdict to the effect that he was perhaps the greatest soldier of his time, and that he was a man whose renown shall grow brighter as his deeds, virtues and unsullied character shall become better known. Let not his devotion to duty—duty to God, his neighbor, and his country—be forgotten. Let it be an example of inspiration to us all—an example of true ambition.

The poet makes Cardinal Wolsey say, after his high preferences had been taken from him:

“Too much honor:
Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels:
* * * * * Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O, Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! * * * * *
O, Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.”

Let our ambition be not mainly the attainment of honor, wealth or influence, for they are disappointing ; but let it be *duty well done*. *That* is true ambition. Let North Carolinians love their native State. Let them appreciate her noble sons and daughters, her forests and streams, her mountains and valleys, her history and her gallant defence of human rights. When we contend for preferment among our fellow-men, let it be that noble contention which aims at bettering the condition of our State and country. Let our ambition be ever so great if it is guided by a due sense of duty to God, our neighbor, and our native land.

SIDNEY M. FINGER.

INDEPENDENCE DAY—JULY 4TH.

MY gentle muse a line indite,
My tardy pen a couplet write,
To LIBERTY a stanza sing,
And to her shrine an offering bring ;
Of thoughts and numbers, notes and time,
Arranged and set in lawful rhyme ;
And thus an humble tribute pay,
On this our Independence Day.

Let freemen, in exalted verse,
The deeds of sainted sires rehearse ;
And to their children read and tell
The work their fathers did so well ;
And to their names due homage pay,
On this our Nation's natal day ;

Exhort our youth to imitate
The actions of the good and great;
Our chartered liberties extol
Of equal rights to great and small.

God's gift, the people's government,
No longer an experiment;
But that which doth a nation bless
With happiness, a grand success.

No regal dixit do we heed,
Nor king's protection do we need;
A monarch's sceptre, crown and throne,
Are things to liberty unknown;
No royal line, no noble blood,
But only great as great is good.

"We hold these truths self-evident,"
From peasant up to President;
That each man is his fellow's peer,
That none, by right, may interfere
With honest effort made aright
By revelation's glorious light,
To study and improve the mind,
To honor God and bless mankind.

D. K. BENNETT.

I KNEW you would all be here
This exhibition night;
And as we on the stage appear,
We'll try to do just right.

NORTH CAROLINA'S INDEPENDENCE.

I am proud that I was born in the State of North Carolina, and that I am a citizen of Mecklenburg county. The most modest and unassuming of all the States, we do not sufficiently vindicate the just merits of our own people. We should cultivate more pride in our splendid annals, and without approaching to intolerant vanity we yet should have sufficient self-assertion to do justice to ourselves and our ancestors.

No State has a prouder share in the deeds and events which are connected with the establishment of national liberty and national glory. In all of these she was either first or among the first. On her shores was planted the foot of the first white man who landed on the shores of this great land; within her borders was shed the first blood ever shed on American soil, in resistance to the oppression of the mother country in the battle of Alamance. Within her borders, one hundred years ago, the first Declaration of Independence was made in these United States, and by her Provincial Congress was the first authority given to her delegates in the Continental Congress to declare National Independence of Great Britain. North Carolina, in truth, furnished the birth-place of American liberty, but so long as we imitate our sires she will never furnish it a grave.

And in all the hundred years that have elapsed, North Carolina has maintained the proud position she assumed in the beginning. True, she has not advanced in mate-

rial prosperity like some of her great and more favored sisters. She has not built so many railroads and large cities, containing such vast accumulations of capital, but in all things which pertain to human freedom, in all things which tend to preserve the patriot souls of men white and pure from the taint of despotism, North Carolina is behind none.

And though, in that splendid constellation of great men who established this government among the nations, there may be stars of a greater magnitude and which shine with a brighter lustre, yet, as it sweeps across the plains of heaven careering toward the zenith, in the van of that glittering throng you will ever see brave and modest North Carolina.

Z. B. VANCE.

DIXIE.

CREATED by a nation's glee,
With jest and song and revelry,
We sang it in our early pride
Throughout our Southern borders wide,
While from ten thousand throats rang out
A promise in one glorious shout
“To live or die for Dixie!”

How well that promise was redeemed,
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed
Victorious—like the crest of Mars—
The banner of the Stars and Bars!

The cannon lay our warriors low—
We fill the ranks and onward go
“To live or die for Dixie!”

To die for Dixie!—Oh, how blest
Are those who early went to rest,
Nor knew the future’s awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure
As heaven itself, and so laid down
The cross of earth for glory’s crown,
And nobly died for Dixie.

To live for Dixie—harder part! · · ·
To stay the hand—to still the heart—
To seal the lips, enshroud the past—
To have no future—all o’ercast—
To knit life’s broken threads again,
And keep her mem’ry pure from stain—
This is to live for Dixie.

Beloved Land! beloved Song,
Your thrilling power shall last as long—
Enshrined within each Southern soul—
As Time’s eternal ages roll;
Made holier by the test of years—
Baptized with our country’s tears—
God and the right for Dixie!

FANNY DOWNING.

THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

The highest source of happiness to a mortal is the consciousness of doing good. The highest source of happiness to God is His consciousness of doing good. The illimitable and unfathomable mind of the Eternal is filled with pleasure by this consciousness. And the vast and unlimited universe is impressed and filled with the evidence of His goodness, as the odor of the ointment filled the whole house.

The impress of His goodness is fixed upon everything that appears around us, and transpires about us. It is printed upon every leaf and every flower, upon every wind and every wave. It glitters in the dew-drop and beams forth in the rainbow. Evening and morning are lighted up by His smile. The clouds, like great ships, plough the air, and drop down their freights of fatness. And what appears to the eye is insignificant, compared with the impress of His goodness throughout the vast universe. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

So with the humbly pious; those who, like God, do good, go through their earthly probation visiting the sick, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, pouring oil into the spirits that are wounded, fill their own minds with pleasure, and they impress the age and generation in which they live with their goodness.

"The name of the wicked shall rot, but the memory of the just is precious." Here is the path to all the

earthly immortality that is worthy of our aspirations. When I die I would rather have a plain, simple stone placed at my grave, bearing truthfully the inscription, "He spent his life in doing good, blessed the world while living, and died regretted by all," than to have a towering monument of marble and brass emblazoned with deeds of conquest. When I die I would rather have all the poor children and orphans of my vicinity, whose feet I had shod, and whose persons I had clothed, come to my funeral and weep at my grave, than to have the booming of cannon and the waving of banners.

Then let me say, consecrate in humility your all to Christ. Take Him as the pattern of your life, and go about doing good. Ameliorate the condition of your race; labor to advance the cause and kingdom of Christ; fail not to put your mark upon the age in which you live; let each of your hearts be touched with the fire of love from off the altars of Heaven; cast away all pride and formality; speak words of hope to the despondent; take the hand of orphanage, and lead it through the difficult and hazardous paths of this pilgrimage; tend in the chambers of the sick; stand in the portal of the tomb and flash the light of God's promises over the shadows that rise from the grave; and when you die you will live in the hearts of your survivors. This is the road that leads to immortality on earth, and ends with immortality in Heaven!

NUMA F. REID.

To **MAKE** a good speech—let me whisper in your ear, Talk *slowly, distinctly*, and make everybody hear.

THE GANDER.

A GANDER is a noisy fowl,
And very fond of strife;
The oldest goose that's in the flock
He's sure to make his wife.

His feet are very broad and flat,
His neck is long and slim,
And when he pokes it out at me,
I'm sure to run from him.

In springtime he is very fierce—
A real fractious pest—
He will not let me go about
His dear companion's nest.

There, like a sentinel on guard,
He'll stand from morn till night,
And stretch his neck and hiss and squall
And flap his pinions white.

He helps the old goose build her nest
Of all the trash in sight,
And gets in now and then himself
To see its finished right.

Well pleased, he stands around the nest
On one foot half the day,
And pulls the feathers off the hens
That dare to go that way.

And when the goslings are hatched out,
His little flock don't bother,
And if I see him come this way,
I'm sure to go the other.

A woman can out-talk a man,
In anger or in fun ;
A gander can out-talk a goose,
And beat her two to one.

He gabs so fast in telling how
He whipp'd some saucy hen,
The old goose only gets a word
In *edgeways* now and then.

And then he'll get in such a glee
To tell the news intent,
The old goose gives up in despair
And merely nods assent.

Now sometimes little boys and girls
Break their dear teachers' rule,
And come with smutty hands and face
And soil their books at school.

A gander is a cleanly fowl
(Although he's very mean);
If he has access to a brook,
He'll keep his feathers clean.

In that regard, my little friends,
I raise a flag of truce,
And bid you lay aside your wit
And emulate a goose.

J. W. HARRINGTON.

THE HISTORIC RECORD OF NORTH CAROLINA.

NORTH CAROLINA feels that she is one of the elder daughters of the great American family, and in all the higher and sublimer elements of character the equal of any; because she has a record and a history that she is justly proud of, and that cannot be taken away from her either by her enemies or the ephemeral politicians of the hour.

The first Englishman that ever landed on the soil of the United States was sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to the shores of North Carolina, at Roanoke Island, on the 4th of July (prophetic coincidence!), 1584, before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, or Jamestown was settled. The first child of English parents born in this country first saw the light on her soil; and it was of her colonists that Governor Burrington, as early as 1732, in an official dispatch, said: "The inhabitants of North Carolina always behave insolently to their governors, and some of them they have imprisoned; and all the governors that ever were here lived in fear of the rebels—except

myself—and dreaded their assemblies and their love of liberty.”

The first blood of the colonists ever spilled was poured out, as a rich libation in defence of liberty, in Alamance county, on the 7th of May, 1771; and the first declaration of independence of the British yoke—afterward incorporated almost literally into the national Declaration—was made and proclaimed at Charlotte on the 20th of May, 1775.

Wayward and wilful, perhaps, she has been; but honor and virtue still are hers. If her errors have been great, her suffering and oppression have been greater. Proud of her statesmen and heroes who sleep beneath her sacred sod, she cherishes in her heart her living children, and loving them with a mother’s warm affection, she begs them not to forget or forsake her.

J. M. LEACH.

GREAT REFORMS ARE SLOW.

THE Reformation burst not upon the world like a sunrise in the tropics; but like the sun of a far more northern clime, it cast before it a long prophetic twilight. To the geologist, however much the strata may have been flexed and contorted in a single period, one fact is indisputable—that time is long. So to the student of history, however much men’s passions may have been swayed in a single era, one truth remains fixed—that reforms are slow.

But if they are slow, they are also permanent. Behold the giant oak ! It has spread its branches far and wide, and shot its roots deep down into the bowels of the earth. It has been rocked to and fro by the storms of centuries, and will stand for centuries more. So that moral principle, which has spread its influences far and wide and buried its roots deep down in the hearts of the people, will stand and grow the stronger the more it is rocked by persecution's storms.

Let not the philanthropist, then, expect to metamorphose the world in a day, either morally or politically. Better to be like John Milton, who "sowed for future generations, nor waited for the fruits." Again, you may not, like Luther, be leader of some mighty movement—after your name no sect of Christians may be called ; yet, if you are zealous in the cause in which you have embarked, you may shed an influence boundless as infinity—endless as eternity.

There is a lesson of reform whose importance as yet we can but dimly realize—whose philosophy but darkly understand. They tell us that before the foundation of the world, when thousands of ministering angels stood around the throne of God, He would send them upon His various missions throughout the universe, but He, Himself, sat still. Lucifer had rebelled and drawn after him a third of heaven's stars, and been hurled to depths unfathomable—nor yet the Almighty left His throne ; world after world had been created, and "hurled hot from the hand of the Creator out into space," and had taken up its everlasting circuit around its central sun—

nor yet the Creator moved. But when far out on the suburbs of creation, on an atom called the Earth, there occurred a violation of His law—then, for once, He left His throne: at which the universe did a new lesson learn—that God did much to *create*, but more to *re-create*; and the angels a new song sang before the throne: That God sat still, creation's vast extent to form. But one world's littleness to renovate—reform, He left His everlasting seat!

W. J. PEELE.

WOOD DREAMINGS.

OH, the forest wide is the place for me,
Where the sweet-tongued thrush is singing;
When the wind is low in the narrow glen,
And the echoes wild are ringing:
For here is the spot where the antlered stag
In the deep, cool shade is sleeping,
And the lichenèd rocks by the haunted spring
With crystal tear drops weeping.

Oh, sweet it is in the twilight gloom,
On the turf to lie half dreaming,
To hark to the faint song far away,
And see still waters gleaming;
To lie with listless eye and watch
The tall, white lilies bending
In the breeze that sways the spectral moss,
From huge old limbs depending.

The growing shadows go stretching along
O'er the wary trout slow creeping;
While the bittern sits on his lonely stake,
His sleeping vigils keeping:
Then a timid fawn creeps up to drink,
And startles at even the murmur—
Of the tiny brooklet in the grass,
Rejoicing in the summer.

Then sweet it is in the wild greenwood,
'Midst the silence all unbroken,
Save the birds' fresh lay on the evening air,
So joyously outspoken;
To lie and be watching the wondrous things
In the cool depths e'er abiding;
And dream of the forms so far away,
In the land to which we are gliding.

ANON.

OUR DUTY AS PATRIOTS.

AS the custodians of liberty we have a great work to perform. It must be preserved inviolate on these western shores for our children and for their children's children. We must keep step henceforth to the music of the Union. We held firmly, unwaveringly, to certain noble principles we thought in danger. We appealed to the sword, and were defeated. Our people have accepted in the most absolute good faith that decision. There will be no more war for those principles, although they are imperishable.

In the words of that very eloquent and able divine, Dr. Moses Hoge, "A form of government may change, a policy may perish, but a principle can never die. *Circumstances may so change as to make the application of the principle no longer possible.*" So the South will never again take up arms for any principle that entered into the war between the States. It has solemnly sworn henceforth to maintain and cherish the Constitution as it is. That beautiful flag, so dear to our hearts, that once floated in triumph over so many battle-fields, has been furled forever.

Inscribe these talismanic words upon your banners: Duty to God, duty to country, duty to self. Let consequences take care of themselves, let us take care of duty. Let us, as free men, go straight forward in the path of duty. Let that be our pole-star, our guiding principle, our inspiration: Let genuine patriotism abide in our hearts and control our lives—that patriotism that stands ready, if need be, to "refine itself into martyrdom," and is pledged to "suffer as well as act." Let us preserve inviolate our ancestral faith, our spirit of consecration to right principle, our devotion to liberty, our obedience to law.

Let us each swear upon the altar of our common country that we will be faithful to our country's liberties, that we will do what we can as good citizens to work out, for the benefit of those who are to follow, that problem of such mighty potency and such mighty possibilities—the problem of a free, constitutional, just and popular government on this vast continent.

THEODORE B. KINGSBURY.

THE BENEFITS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THE war was not without its benefits to us, and even now we can discern them. It was inevitable. Sooner or later it had to come. It could no more have been avoided than you could have stayed the movements of the tides. It ought not to have been unavoidable, to be sure, just as man ought not to become diseased, but it was. So long as society remains irrational, so long as human governments are imperfect, will the sword be the final arbiter. It is a survival of the savage nature that the refining hand of time has never obliterated, a remnant of the ages long ago.

I say that the war with all its dark catalogue of horrors brought in its train many compensatory blessings. It developed the manly virtues of our people, their inherent fortitude and self-sacrifice. It is something to have illustrated the valor of a people; to have carried a nation's flag without dishonor through a hundred battles; to have set an example to coming ages of what unselfish heroism can accomplish; to have immortalized a State; to have accepted defeat with fortitude—and this we did!

Again, the war built upon more certain and enduring foundations the government of the United States. It was a protest against centralization. It has established the true equipoise between the government and the sovereign States. The pendulum, it is true, during the war and for years afterwards swung far towards tyranny. But as the years go by and the times are becoming tranquil it is swinging back. The legislation of Congress,

the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, attest this fact. And to-day the government stands upon a broader and stronger basis than it has ever occupied before.

Should we regret the struggle? Why? Were we honest in our convictions? Yes. Were we sincere in our allegiance to the Confederate States? Yes. Were we in earnest? Yes. Except for the suffering and death, inseparable accompaniments of war, we have nothing to regret. Does this affect or lessen our loyalty to the government now is not a compromise of truth or a confession of error, nor is it repugnant to a past loyalty to that adolescent nation whose star shone with abnormal brilliancy for a few short years and then vanished into the blackness of darkness forever.

The men who followed the "Stars and Bars" from Bethel to Appomattox with ceaseless devotion, defended them amid the whirlpool of blood that surged and eddied around Malvern Hill, carried them up the crimson slopes of Gettysburg, followed them into the jaws of death at Spottsylvania, shielded them like a tiger at bay over its young behind the earthworks of Petersburg, and furled them at Appomattox forever and forever.

And the day is not far distant, if it be not already come, when the courage and heroic deeds of both sides will be recognized as the common property of us all, and the names of those who found immortality, of Lee and Thomas, of Jackson and McPherson, of Semmes and of Farragut, will be the common heritage and common glory of a prosperous and patriotic people.

CHARLES M. BUSBEE.

THE MYSTERIOUS BORDER-LAND.

THREE is a mysterious land unlike any upon which the sun shines. Its realms are as vast as the bounds of space, its thrones grander than the kingdoms of earth, its palaces more resplendent than the dreams of Aladdin; its rivers flow with eternal music, its forests wave in more than tropical glory, its oceans roll with the primeval grandeur that engulfed the ancient continents; its skies shine with auroras, whose light and color the sunlight may not hope to rival.

Alas, there is close by a region of darkness profound, abysses of frightful depth, sounds and sights and fears of unimaginable woe; an unexplored home of spirit and demon and goblin dark, of spectres and all imaginable horrors. Here men walk all their days in leaden gloom, or sullen striving, or frantic rage against their fate. Beckoned on by a ghostly hand, they enter this, the terrific plain of melancholy, to march to a final grave within its caverns.

The former of these is the Kingdom of Genius, the latter is the Habitation of Madness. Between the two there lies a strip of unknown breadth, which we may term the Border-land of Reason. Here narrow, there wide-stretching and peopled by adventurous spirits who, sometimes crossing in rapid flight, have turned hither and thither with scorched wing and terror-stricken step; or, mayhap, in their devious way, now to hope and again to despair, have gone down at last in endless night.

In this border-land have dwelt great numbers of the marked men of their race—warriors, philosophers, kings, poets, prophets, artists, patriots and statesmen.

The history of our fellow-men who have thus partaken of the greatest glories, but also of the most frightful calamities that may befall humanity, has for us a fascination beyond the wanderings of a Livingstone in equatorial wilds, or a Kane amid the frozen secrets of the arctic North.

Ever since man recorded his thoughts for brother man, the conception of the supernatural has accompanied his mental life. Consciously or unconsciously, we are striving again and again to pierce the veil about us, and know the ultimate reasons of things, and recognize their invisible causes.

From the time of the familiar demon of Socrates, or the attendant spectre of Descartes, to the witches of our ancestors, and the spirit-manifestations of our own times, the human mind has ever been reaching for alliance with the supernatural. To plunge into the depths of profound abstraction, to lose one's self in the inmost recesses of reverie, is a perilous journey, from which only the most gigantic minds, like Homer and Shakespeare, can safely return.

There are lessons from the shadowy side of life, of the wanderings of the great by Plutonian shores, that are often concealed from sight, or glossed over by the historic pen, or darkly hinted, but which, if openly read and courageously considered, may not be without good to come.

EUGENE GRISSOM.

SONG OF THE TELEGRAPH.

I COME! I come! I wire my way
Through the quiet night and bustling day;
From the prairie lone, from the ocean's bed,
From nestling coves, from the mountain's head,
From polar snows and from torrid heats,
Wherever the pulse of the lightning beats;
I come with my message of deep import,
Or of some lightsome kind, in very sport,
And sadness or joy is on my wing,
As one or the other I promptly bring.

I lay my head on the ocean's floor,
And talk for men through its awful roar;
I link the continents side by side,
Conversing through storm and raging tide,
And space itself is nothing to me,
As I flash my words over land and sea.

Sometimes the mortal hand that takes
My hand in his, will cause mistakes,
And words I utter do go astray,
And are never heard by the far away;
Though my faithful ones are true and quick,
With their never-ending click, click, click;
They wait on me with steady gaze,
For I tell them secrets. I know their ways,
And many a story concealed from men,
Is open as day to their wakeful ken.

But then, dear friends, the good I do
Is not all brought in public view;
And the question is to test my worth,
In every part of the air and earth.
If I should cease in my endless run,
To fill my place, what could be done?
For I do my work ere the engine starts,
In town, in country, in foreign marts,
And I beat time so, that men live more
In one short week than years before.

And my servant is that which is bright and clear,
As the sun or stars in their fiery sphere;
It is caught from the skies, and is everywhere,
In the heights and depths of the vital air,
And is destined yet, in the year to be
In the shop, in the mart, on land, on sea,
To move all things in the place of steam,
And to light all things with its wondrous beam.

I come! I flash the wires along,
And I hum the notes of the lightning's song,
Over valley and hill, from sea to sea.
And nations wonder, and welcome me.
And I go for all, and I serve as soon,
With my viewless feet in their fiery shoon,
The poor and the rich, the young and old,
Whenever my messages are told.

WILLIAM W. HOLDEN.

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

TO our brave Southern women no sacrifice was too great, no anguish too keen for their patient and heroic endurance. How they knelt and struggled in prayer for the safety of their absent ones and for the triumph of the Southern cause, Heaven, to whom their petitions were addressed, only knows. How they suffered was a sacred secret, known only to their tender hearts and sensitive natures, for the secret was kindly kept from those to whom the knowledge would have brought dismay and pain more terrible than that of the battle-field. But how they lived in hope and cheer, we know, and how in the hospital and on the tented field they came as good spirits, ministering with tender hand to the wants of the wounded and dying.

We know, too, how they bore the responsibilities which the absence of their protectors and guardians devolved upon them; how, with admirable tact and ingenuity, which never deserted them, they provided against the inconveniences resulting from necessities to which they had theretofore been utter strangers; how, in simple, unadorned homespun dress, woven by their own hands, they appeared more queenly than all the silks and satins, the rich tulle and point lace of the foreign markets beyond the close blockade could have made them.

In the darkest hours of the storm they were calmest. Their inborn courage, akin to that which nerved the

hearts of our soldiers, never quailed ; and when the craft laden with such precious hopes was dashed upon the strand in all the ruin of a hopeless wreck, they were present to comfort, encourage and strengthen the more precious crew for the new duties that followed defeat. It is they who, without neglecting the present or future, cherish most tenderly the fragrant memories of the past, and weep with deepest sorrow over the tombs of the fallen.

Some one has beautifully suggested that upon the tallest memorial shaft erected to commemorate Southern valor, should be inscribed "*To the Unknown and Unrecorded Dead.*" I would add that another should be raised, of purest Parian marble, tall and beautiful, polished and carved with exquisite grace, and bearing the inscription :—To those who were strong in their weakness and brave in their tenderness : Whose duties, though less prominent to the world, demanded no less sacrifice and were performed with no less fidelity than the more conspicuous duties of the soldiery : Whose heroism, though seldom proved by death, was evinced in suffering of no less intensity : Who had smiles for the hero and scorn for the recreant coward : Whose love made victory brighter and defeat more tolerable : Whose prayers were unceasing and tender care untiring : Whose weeping was holy and forgiveness of foes was Christianly : OUR NOBLE SOUTHERN WOMEN !

ROBERT T. GRAY.

THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER.

WE never tire in sounding the matchless advantages of our grand old Commonwealth, North Carolina, her resources and possibilities; in her forests the most valuable timbers are found, her mines teem with all the most precious and valuable as well as most useful minerals; within her borders, along her streams, are found the brightest, rarest jewels, and by her firesides and in her fields are found truest hearts; her sea-coast dotted by numberless bays and sounds, her interior pierced by innumerable rivers, on which the white-winged messengers of commerce can waft you or yours to any land beneath the broad canopy of heaven; the shriek of the locomotive disturbs alike the sea-gull resting on her eastern waters and the eagle in his eyre on her highest western peak.

Yes, this is all ours. Whose sons and daughters have been truer to every trust imposed on them, whether amid the carnage of war, in life's battle, or around the family altar? Where is such scenery offered to the eye? Her western boundary marked by mountains pointing their snow-capped summits skyward, her eastern boundary washed by the crested waves of the broad Atlantic. Her rivers dotted thickly, with unlimited water-power; her lands equal to any in fertility; her gorgeous hues of semi-tropical plants, fruits and flowers deck in peerless beauty her mountains, hills and plains to gladden the eye or tempt the palate. She rests amid her natural beau-

ties, free, proud and self-reliant, offering peace, plenty and happiness to all.

I would not traduce other lands, nor ignore their claims, but would turn to our Eden with its magnolia bowers, its feathered songsters, its even temperature, its fruits and flowers, and its beautiful maidens, its true-hearted sons, its mountains, hills and plains, and by her bright waters, turning from all the rest of the grand old world, I would linger out the remainder of my days, and then rest on her bosom, above me the flowering dogwood and jessamine waving in the scented breeze, the mocking-bird singing my last requiem from a neighboring bough, and the grass above my head kept green by love's sweet libation from one of her true-hearted daughters.

Why seek other lands? Can they offer you more? They may promise, but that promise will remain unfulfilled. Then be not lured from her borders; she has need of you all in bringing into use her vast resources dormant, only waiting the magic touch of perseverance and industry to pour into your coffers her hidden wealth.

May yours be the hand to guide to her future destiny; with you it should be a labor of pride and love; then be not ungrateful and leave to aliens the sacred duty of nurturing your mother State. The peer of any land in all that can make man happy, in all that can make man prosperous, she offers you a home; then leave her not, but with redoubled energy pull off your coat, roll up your sleeves, and reap the glorious harvest around you!

Z. W. WHITEHEAD.

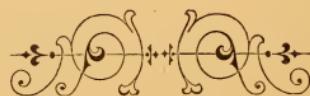
GOOD NIGHT.

CONCERT RECITATION.

Good friends, we hope you did enjoy
Our speeches by each girl and boy;
On our school at work next fall
Don't fail to make a friendly call.

Now has come the time to part,
It brings sadness to each heart,
Gently, too, the tear-drops start.
Hoping your future may be bright,
To you, now, we wish GOOD NIGHT!

H.



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